

NOV 2,
1935

Liberty 5¢



H A L L O W E E N

TINSEL LADY

A Startling and Revealing
Novel About an American
Star in the Folies-Bergère—
CAN YOU IDENTIFY HER?

by Channing Pollock

CITY GANGS
ENSLAVE
MOONSHINE
MOUNTAINEERS

by Sherwood Anderson



YOU'RE TELLING *Me!*

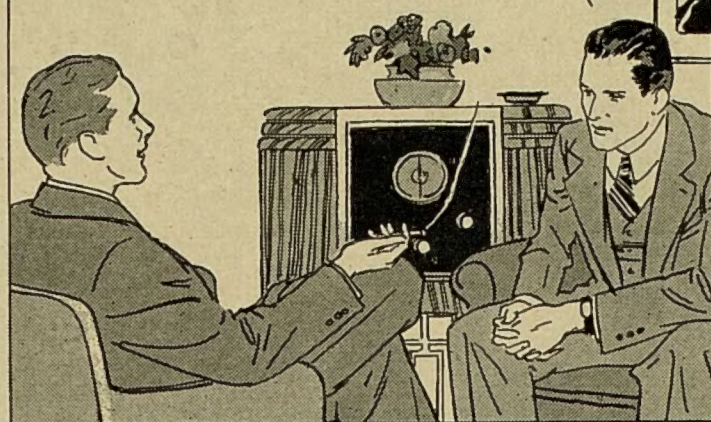


HE'S COMING OVER TO HEAR MY RADIO. I'LL TURN ON THE LIFEBOUY PROGRAM AND HOPE HE TAKES A TIP ABOUT "B.O."



SWELL RADIO OLD MAN GOOD PROGRAM LIFEBOUY GIVES. ER...YOU EVER USE IT?

NO, BUT I KNOW PEOPLE WHO OUGHT TO USE IT

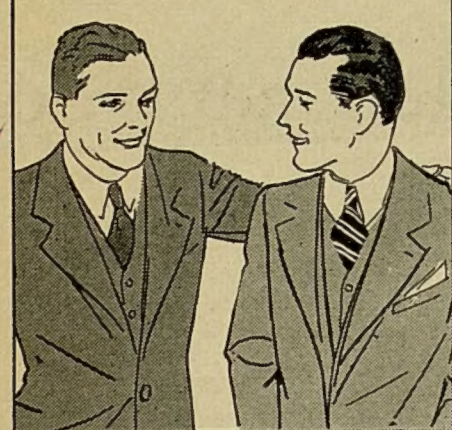


SO DO I! ER...DON'T GET SORE BUT SOMETIMES EVEN YOU...

"B.O."—ME! WHY, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO BREAK THE SAME NEWS TO YOU



WE'RE A COUPLE OF CHUMPS. BOTH OFFENDERS AND DIDN'T KNOW IT. HERE'S WHERE TWO MORE LIFEBOUY USERS ARE BORN!



"B.O." GONE—*girls like them* NOW!

HOWDY, FELLOW. HAVEN'T BEEN OVER TO SEE YOU IN AN AGE. FACT IS, I GOT TO KNOW A GIRL IN TOWN AND WE...

NO APOLOGIES NEEDED. I'M MEETING MY GIRL, TOO



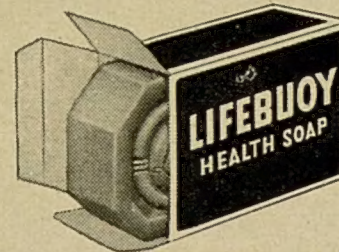
GLORIOUSLY refreshing for the bath—marvelous for the complexion! Lifebuoy cleanses *deeply*. Yet "patch" tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show it's more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Cool weather or not, we still perspire—a quart of odorous waste daily. Don't risk "B.O." (body odor). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Gives abundant lather even in hard water. Its own clean scent vanishes quickly as you rinse.

WE CERTAINLY PICKED TWO GIRLS WITH GRAND COMPLEXIONS

I OWE MINE TO LIFEBOUY

SO DO I



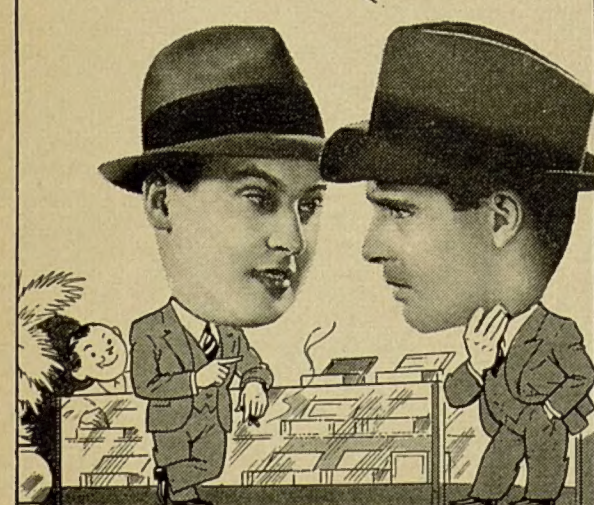
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE



TOM, THIS IS A SWANKY HOTEL. IF WE'RE DINING HERE, YOU'D BETTER GO UP AND SHAVE

I CAN'T SHAVE TODAY. WITH MY TOUGH BEARD AND TENDER SKIN, MY FACE GETS SORE. HAVE TO LET IT HEAL



YOUR BEARD HAS NOTHING ON MINE, BUT WITH LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM I GET CLEAN, EASY SHAVES EVERY TIME. ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE. TRY IT

I'LL DO THAT, FRANK, RIGHT NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY USING YOUR TUBE



MAN, WHAT A DIFFERENCE! THIS LIFEBOUY LATHER'S SO MOIST—SO SOOTHING—I CAN SHAVE CLEAN WITHOUT EVEN FEELING IT

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Use Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for a week and you'll never shave with any other. Get it at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A1211, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day trial tube. (This offer good in U. S. only.)

TRY IT! SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL TUBE



TO ACQUAINT YOU WITH
A NEW, FINER PRODUCT
LISTERINE

COUGH DROPS

This regular
10¢ size box

FREE

with each large size bottle of Listerine



This offer good in the United States only



*Strike that cold at the
source before
it gets serious!*

Gargle Listerine

to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—*when resistance is low.*

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34 have shown Listerine's amazing power against the common cold and sore throat.

Year in, year out, those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener, caught about half as many colds and sore throats as non-users. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were extremely mild, while non-users reported more severe developments.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Ultimately the Wage Earners Pay All the Taxes

WHY not stop fooling ourselves? It has been estimated that twenty-five cents of every dollar spent is taken by the government for taxes. The actual figures are probably considerably higher than this.

But let us be conservative. Therefore, whether you buy shoes, clothing, eggs, potatoes—almost regardless of the nature of your purchases—one fourth of the price must go for governmental expenses.

It may be hard for the average reader to grasp fully the truth of this statement, but investigation will prove it to be reasonably dependable. Do not forget that the Washington government at the present time costs the people of this country more than eight times as much as it did in the early part of this century and that there has been a huge increase in taxes throughout the entire nation.

How the legislators love hidden taxes! There was an exception recently when the "soak big business" taxes were passed at Washington. These taxes were out in the open. The vote-getting legislators were proud of their efforts. They wanted the lowly wage earner to know that it was their desire to take for taxation as much as possible of the earnings of the unduly rich.

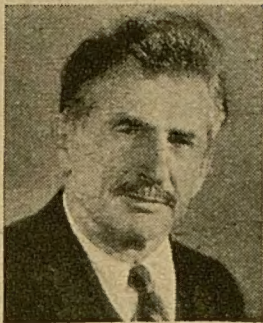
Although such taxes assess the excess profits of business they are in reality simply added to the cost of doing business, the same as rent, labor, overhead, or any other expense.

The product of the business, regardless of its nature, must be increased in price to bear this added expense.

For example, take a property owner who depends upon rents for his income. Whatever he is compelled to pay in taxes must be added to his renting price. Whatever taxes a shoe manufacturer pays is added to the price of his shoes.

Whatever taxes a farmer pays must come back to him in an increased price, and when you buy vegetables or dairy products of any kind you pay your share of his taxes.

In a recently published statement it was maintained there are fifty-three



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

different kinds of taxes which are assessed on a loaf of bread. The tax on bread begins with the farmer, passes on to the railroad, flour mill, truck driver, grain elevator, label manufacturer, and finally the baker.

Every one of these agents in the production of a loaf of bread has to pay a half dozen or more different kinds of taxes. These taxes add to the cost of doing business and automatically increase the price of the bread.

The truth of this cannot be evaded. Every time you buy a ten-cent loaf of bread two and a half cents or more is governmental taxes.

If you are a wage earner and spend all you make throughout the year, three months of every year you are working for the government—that is, three months of your earnings must go for governmental expenses.

It is difficult to make the average individual realize that the tax load must be ultimately added to the price of everything he buys. Taxes should be assessed in a manner easily recognizable. For example, we have a tax on gasoline. When you buy this product you know just how much you pay on every gallon. The policy of hiding taxes should be abolished. When you buy a pair of shoes you should know just what part of the price represents taxes.

But don't be deceived by the present legislative procedure. Whether you know it or not, you are paying twenty-five cents of every dollar you spend for taxes. That is the huge percentage we are now paying for the privilege of being governed.

As a people we have before us the terrific task of finding some method of reducing this extortion-

ate expense. The processing tax, for example, greatly increased the price of cotton, adding to the cost of clothing. It increased the price of wheat and other products and the consumer has to pay this additional amount.

Don't be fooled. It is not the rich who finally pay the taxes.

It is the wage earners.

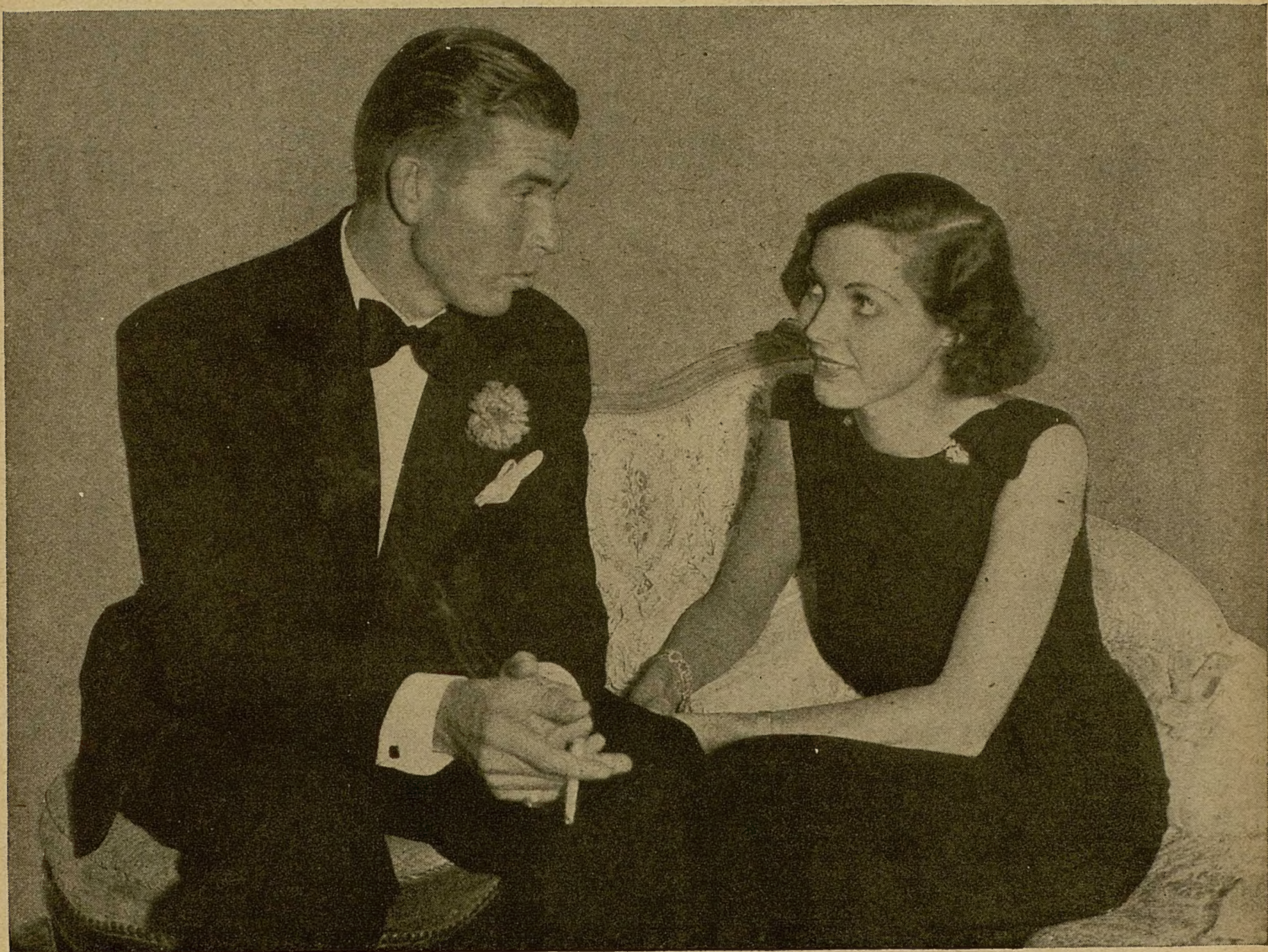
And much of the recently increased prices on everything is represented by taxes.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.



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WHEN HOLLYWOOD EX-WIVES AND EX-HUSBANDS MEET . . .



Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames

HOLLYWOOD may be the garden spot of love in bloom. But it is the toughest place in the world to let it wilt. Where Hollywood has them is that it is a small town with a big business; and everybody important is tied to it by contracts.

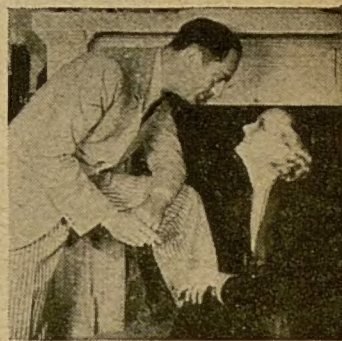
In New York, London, or Paris, or even Prairie Center, when a marriage goes on the rocks or a romance reaches a *hfft* in Walter Winchell's column the principals are usually accorded the privilege of getting decently out of one another's lives, sight and hair.

But not in Hollywood where there are only a few cafes in which to dine, a few night clubs in which to dance and even a fewer number of people who give parties and invite the ex-husbands, ex-wives and ex-sweethearts. So Hollywood's scrambled romances continue to bump shoulders on the same dance floors, attend the same parties, previews, and first nights, pal with the same people, and work in the same pictures in the most socially strained post-love status in the world.

The situations constantly brought about by this condition are amusing,

tragic, embarrassing, sometimes astonishing—but never dull

In the November issue of PHOTOPLAY, Dorothy Manners, brilliant observer of Hollywood life, describes in detail a series of "Is-my-face-red" incidents and accidents that have happened recently. Entitled "Hollywood Scrambled Love", it is one of the most amazingly realistic inside pictures of Hollywood life that has yet been published. Do not fail to read it. If your favorite star is involved, which is more than possible, it will be doubly interesting. Get your copy today at the nearest news stand.



ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

The Fretting Frog—The Story of Claudette Colbert's Leap to the Top • Why Gable Has Stayed at the Top • Song Hits Make Stars and Stars Make Song Hits • Why Virginia Bruce Won't Marry for Five Years • Hollywood Gossip • Why the Million Dollar Pictures are Coming Back • Photoplay's Memory Album • Photoplay's Style Authority • Hollywood Beauty Shop.



PHOTOPLAY

NOVEMBER
ISSUE
NOW
ON SALE

B E G I N N I N G

A STARTLING AND REVEALING NOVEL
ABOUT AN AMERICAN STAR IN THE
FOLIES-BERGERE—READ IT AND SEE
IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY THE HEROINE



by CHANNING
POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

HOW does it feel to have Paris at your feet?" the lady interviewer asked.

She was a very young interviewer, full of enthusiasm and clichés.

Ann Cutler smiled.

"Is Paris at my feet?"

"Don't you know it? Did you *ever* hear anything like last night?"

"No," Ann answered, "I never did."

Ann never had. She closed her eyes happily for a moment, and again saw the dark auditorium of the Folies-Bergère; doubly dark because of the blinding spotlights turned full on her face. Once more she heard last night's roar of approval—cheers, and applause, and cries of "*Bis! Bis!*"

"Were you terribly surprised?"

"No," Ann said, returning to the shabby foyer of her modest hotel and the young girl—almost as young as Ann—sitting opposite her at a desk already littered with scribbled notes. "I couldn't've been surprised, because nothing happened that I hadn't dreamed ten thousand times."

"It must be great to have dreams come true."

"Oh, yes!" Ann assented ecstatically. And then she was suddenly sobered; suddenly chilled. "You're like a roller coaster, Ann," her stage partner, Roberta White, had said of her only a few hours before, "—like a roller coaster: as soon as you get to the top you start down." She was starting down now, or, at least, looking down. "It is great," she repeated, almost prophetically, "but I wonder for how long. You see, we dream of the things that we think are going to be great, and maybe what's really great isn't a bit like that. Maybe what we really want isn't at all what we try for. Or maybe it comes the way we least expected." She laughed. "Like buying a cinnamon cake and then finding that you're starved for a big slab of bread and butter."

The lady interviewer's pencil was traveling madly. While she wrote Ann's mind flashed back to days when she was starved most of the time—to dreams that never seemed likely to come true; to cinnamon buns, and grubby boardinghouses, and a morning when the only thing at her feet was a dusty road that stretched miles and miles to the horizon.

THERE are hundreds of roads like the one from Hyattsville, Maryland, to Washington. But to Ann Cutler, nearly five years before, this seemed the longest road in the world. She had been walking for hours. Her feet ached and her head ached. The shabby brown suitcase she held in her left hand weighed tons and tons. Ann stopped, irresolute, and set the bag down.

"Dick Whittington," she said almost aloud, and smiled very wearily, and sat on the bag. "Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

The phrase almost sang itself. She might have sung it, as she was given to singing words that came into her mind, but she was too tired.



"I'd give the old world a tussle, kid," said Roberta. "If it throws you, maybe you will see stars, but that's better than never seeing 'em."

Only the day before Ann had seen Dick Whittington's picture in a book called *Heroes of the Middle Ages*. The book was in her bag now. A handsome youth, Dick was, with his worldly goods tied in a kerchief and swung over his shoulder. Ann wasn't a handsome girl. Or, at least, if she was, no one had ever told her so. "Bricktop" they called her at the convent, Star of Hope, where she had spent almost a year, and from which she was escaping.

Her hair was red but not brick-red—copper, rather, the color of a polished Flemish kettle. It hung down her back in two thick braids. Her eyes were deep brown; her face oval, and very thin, and her nose turned up the tiniest bit. Ann's body was thin, too; almost painfully thin. She was fourteen then, and weighed a scant ninety pounds. She wore a black alpaca dress, the uniform of the convent, and a blue coat and hat, and high black buttoned shoes that were covered with yellow dust.

Dick Whittington had found his fortune in London. In Washington, if she ever got there, nothing awaited Ann but a cheap boardinghouse and a father who hadn't paid his bill. J. Benton Cutler never seemed to pay bills anywhere. That's why Ann was leaving the convent.

Star of Hope had not lived up to its name for her. "I'd better go," she told herself over and over. And so this morning she had stuffed her few things into the brown suitcase and slipped out of the convent.

She was tuckered out now, though. How far had she come? How far had she to go?

In the distance, toward Hyattsville, a cloud of dust appeared. Ann saw it and hesitated. Then she set off. Presently she heard hoofbeats behind her and the wheels of a light wagon. It passed her, and drew up. Ann quickened her pace. The wagon was roofed, she noted, and on its black canvas sides were painted the words, "Franklin Market. Groceries and Provisions." From the front seat leaned a youth. He had light-brown hair, a large mouth, and freckles. "Want a lift?" he asked.

"I'd be much obliged," Ann said.

"Gimme that bag. Now gimme your hand and step on the hub. Whoa, there! How far you going?"

"Washington."

"Where to in Washington?"

"H Street, near Thirteenth."

"All right," said the boy; "I'll take you there. Lucky



I noticed you. That bag of yours's heavy. Where'd you come from?"

"Hyattsville," Ann replied shortly.

The strange young man whistled.

"You're a glutton for punishment," he observed.

"What's the matter? Ain't you got carfare?"

"I forgot my purse," Ann said. There was a dollar bill in it.

"Live in Washington?"

"Yes, with my father. We live in a boardinghouse," Ann explained. "Mrs. Boag's."

"Sure," the lad nodded. "I know her. Old spare-ribs. Been deliverin' her stuff 'most a year. Funny I never saw you before."

"I've been away at school."

"In Hyattsville?"

"Yes."

"What's *your* name?"

"Ann—Ann Cutler."

"I'm Charlie Binns. Had this job since I was a kid. I'm savin' up to open a store of my own some day."

Ann liked Charlie Binns. He was so frank and full of enthusiasm. "What're you gonna do now?" he asked.

"I don't know. I've got to do something."

"Ever thought of taking up shorthand?" he asked.

"No," the girl answered. "I'd like to be a great singer. I've got a pretty good voice. I'd like to be somebody. If I'd been born a few hundred years ago I'd've married a troubadour."

"A what?"

"A troubadour. Did you ever read Sir Walter Scott?"

"Never heard of him."

"He wrote about knights and minstrels. I wish I'd lived in those days. Of course I'm not going to stay here always."

"That's too bad," Charlie Binns said. "I'd like to see you sometimes. I s'pose you couldn't go to the theater with me some night?"

"I'd love to—if my father didn't mind."

They drew up before a four-story brick dwelling on H Street. It was one of a row of houses, all exactly the same, with bay windows and low stoops. Charlie carried her bag up the steps and rang the bell. Mrs. Boag opened the door. Charlie grinned broadly. "First delivery," he joked to the landlady. "I'll bring the other things later."

He turned back to Ann.



One evening a lounge in the theater lobby accosted Ann while Charlie was buying the tickets. He struck the man and narrowly avoided arrest.

"Don't forget to ask your father," he said. "Maybe he'd let us go next week."

"Old spareribs" didn't seem particularly delighted. She was a tall gaunt woman with graying hair and a long face deeply marked by worry and hard work.

"Your father's out," Mrs. Boag said to Ann, without making way for her.

"Can't I go up to his room?"

"He ain't got any room," Mrs. Boag answered. "That's why he's out, I guess; trying to get made Postmaster General, or maybe trying to find some other place where he can live free. I've just been packing his things. He can have 'em when I see the color of some money."

"Let me wait in the kitchen, or somewhere," Ann pleaded. "I'm awful tired. I walked most of the way from Hyattsville."

"Didn't he pay them neither?" Mrs. Boag inquired. Ann didn't answer.

"All right; come on in," the landlady continued grudgingly. "You can help with the lunch dishes. There ain't no one else to do 'em."

"Did Maggie quit?"

"Three girls quit since Maggie."

Ann left her bag in the hall, and her coat and hat on

top of it. Her sleeves were rolled up before she entered the kitchen. Helping with the dishes was nothing new to Ann. It had been part payment for her daily bread—and her father's—before she went to Hyattsville.

Ann helped with the dishes. She *was* "awful tired." She was worried, too.

"Is the room rented?" she asked Mrs. Boag.

"A man looked at it yesterday, but he hasn't come back."

"You haven't a girl," Ann said, "and you haven't any one for the room. Can't we stay in it until you get some one—if I help with the work?"

"You can't both live in that room."

"I can sleep in the maid's room," Ann said. "Until you get a girl. Maybe father'll have something by then."

"Maybe."

"You don't want to put us out in the street."

"No, I don't," Mrs. Boag answered, "but I can't afford to run a charity home. I've taken care of you and your father most of two years, and I've had exactly thirty-five dollars."

"I'll earn my keep," Ann begged.

"All right—until I can get somebody else."

So it happened that J. Benton Cutler never knew how

near he came to walking the streets that night. He never knew, either, on what terms they remained. J. Benton was too full of important things to notice details of that kind.

He returned just before dinner—immaculate, if *you* were too full of important things to observe the shine on his trousers. He wore what he himself described as “a morning coat” and gray spats. He had longish gray hair and a carefully trimmed goatee, and mild, kind gray eyes. He was greatly surprised to see Ann.

“Hello, youngster!” he greeted her. “Home for the holidays?”

“What holidays?”

“How should I know?” J. Benton asked. “I don’t keep track of holidays. I always said holidays are the handicap fools give to wise men.”

“I’m home because nobody paid my bills at the convent.”

J. Benton Cutler was even more surprised.

“You don’t mean to say they mentioned that little matter to you? A few weeks’ arrears. I wrote them only last March that I’d settle when my ship came in. Well, so much for Christian charity. They didn’t mention *that*, I suppose.”

“Yes,” Ann answered; “they did. That’s why I came home.”

“Quite right,” said her father. “It wasn’t much of a school. I’d like to see you preparing for college. You’re getting to be a big girl now. And it looks as though I were on the verge—on the very brink, as it were—of taking over the local office of one of the big insurance companies. Do you mind bringing over my slippers? And the cigar you’ll find on that ash tray? I think I’ll read a while before turning in.”

He was fond of reading. Good reading, too. It was from him that Ann had inherited the taste, and he who had introduced her to Scott and Dumas. J. Benton knew his Dickens and Thackeray as most men know their daily associates. He spoke of Sydney Carton and Rawdon Crawley as though he had left them only a few moments before. Micawber he regarded as one of the master’s mistakes. “There never was any one like that,” he said. “It’s sheer burlesque.”

J. BENTON usually read until long after midnight. He slept late every morning, frequently making his first appearance at luncheon. After that he went out to look for work.

Ann’s dollar came back to her from the Star of Hope. It didn’t last long, because her father was always borrowing ten cents for carfare. There were no other expenditures. In fact, there was only one thing that Ann wanted. Just around the corner, on Fourteenth Street, stood a small bakeshop with the temptingest coffee cakes in its window. “Coffee rings” the proprietress called them, and *they* were ten cents.

Ann kept thinking about them.

The coffee rings were really confections, covered with sugar and grated cinnamon. When Ann’s dollar had shrunk to a quarter, she almost decided to squander two fifths of it. And then J. Benton borrowed twelve cents for stamps. “A week from Friday’s your birthday, isn’t it?” J. Benton said. “Well, it looks now as though we might celebrate it in Baltimore. There’s a firm there that wants me to sell textbooks.”

Ann had no faith in that celebration, but it started her thinking of another. Surely one might be justified in buying a coffee ring covered with sugar and cinnamon on one’s fifteenth birthday. She took ten of her remaining thirteen cents out of the little purse that had been returned with the dollar, and tied it up in a handkerchief. Directly after breakfast a week from next Friday that should go for a coffee ring.

Both celebrations began to seem possible. Monday-morning’s post brought a letter from Baltimore. “We are much interested in the qualifications mentioned in yours of the 6th. Our vice-president, Mr. Thornton, is to be in Washington next Friday. If you will arrange to call on him at the Willard Hotel at ten thirty . . .”

As soon as the luncheon dishes were out of the way, Ann put on her blue hat and coat and slipped off to church.

Ann believed firmly in prayer. She felt very sure there was nothing unreasonable in her petition. “Dear God, let father get *this* job, because we need it so much.”

St. Ann, in plaster, stood in her little niche and looked at her namesake with all-seeing eyes. In front of her flamed dozens of candles. There was a box of these candles close at hand, with a slot in it. The slot was for the coins with which one purchased them. Ann looked at the candles, and at the box, and the slot, and then slowly drew forth the handkerchief with the dime in it. How could one ask without giving? What strength lay in a petition that cost one nothing? But if one made a sacrifice—

Ann thought of the coffee rings, and then stopped thinking of them hastily, lest she be punished for harboring so temporal and gluttonous a desire. Then, quickly, she unknotted the handkerchief and dropped her dime into the slot. She lighted a candle, impaled it upon one of the prongs of the big candelabrum, and dropped to her knees. “Dear God, let father get *this* job.”

TUESDAY and Wednesday Ann felt very confident. She went about singing in those curious deep throaty tones of hers. Ann seldom sang “regular songs.” She would take any phrase that came into her mind and improvise words and music.

“Saturday morning I’m going to Baltimore;
Baltimore, Baltimore, going to Baltimore.
Saturday morning I’m going to Baltimore;
That’s where I’m going when Saturday comes.”

Thursday Ann pressed her father’s suit and took a spot out of his cravat. Friday morning Mrs. Boag sent her on an errand. It was a very long errand, and, before leaving, Ann rapped on her father’s door. Then she walked deliberately past the bakeshop. She had been avoiding the coffee rings since Monday, but now there was a sort of spiritual exaltation in facing them.

“Saturday morning I’m going to Baltimore.”

She sang, underneath her breath, most of the way to Pennsylvania Avenue. It was nearly noon when she reached home. J. Benton ought to be back pretty soon now—unless Mr. Thornton took him to lunch. She’d certainly know by two o’clock anyway.

“Saturday morning I’m going to Baltimore;
‘Cause it’s my birthday I’m going to Baltimore.”

She had closed the front door and was well down the hall on her way to report to Mrs. Boag when she heard a step on the stairs. J. Benton’s step, and then J. Benton’s voice. “Is that you, Ann? What time is it? My watch must have stopped, I guess, and I just this minute woke up. It isn’t half past ten yet, is it?”

Anyway, Ann thought, it wasn’t God’s fault.

She was a curious creature at fifteen—Ann Cutler; curiously childish in some ways, and almost startlingly mature in others. There was little to develop her mind or body during the four years she remained as a sort of maid of all work at Mrs. Boag’s. But long afterward, in Paris—long after that first success at the Folies-Bergère, when she had become really part of a mundane and sophisticated world, that same sage stage partner Ann had thought of when the lady interviewer saw her, was to remark, “You’re the most guileless infant that ever drank cocktails and still believed in Santa Claus!”

Ann made beds, and waited on table, and clung to her faith that some day, some way, her pumpkin would turn into a chariot. The dreary drudgery would have been unbearable but for that faith—and Charlie Binns.

Ann saw a good deal of Charlie. At first their meetings were all at the kitchen door. J. Benton had vetoed the proposal that his daughter go to the theater “with a grocer’s boy.” When she was seventeen Ann went without asking her father. Charlie used to joke with Ann about her knights and troubadours. One evening a loungeur in the theater lobby accosted Ann while Charlie was buying the tickets. Charlie struck the man and narrowly avoided arrest. When Ann reproached him, Charlie was honestly surprised. “Gee,” he said, “I thought you were so nutty about knights.”

Ann couldn't help being amused. She liked Charlie very much—no one could help that—and Charlie's liking for Ann settled deep in his heart and became a kind of adoration. It was practical adoration, too. All his gifts were edible, and he was continually harping on Ann's "getting out of this." "You can't go on this way forever," he urged. "Why don't you learn shorthand? I'll lend you the money."

Shorthand seemed abject surrender to the dull and commonplace. But of course she'd have to do something. J. Benton's jobs always stopped being jobs. Mrs. Boag was becoming restive, and Charlie returned more and more frequently to the subject of Ann's escape. "Look, Ann; you don't want to go on like your father, do you? He's always waiting for something to happen. *You've* got to go after it."

"All right," the girl yielded. "I'll see about that shorthand course next Monday. Honest, I will, Charlie."

Sunday, Roberta White arrived. Ann saw her drive up in a taxicab, with a trunk labeled "Miss Cleopatra Company. Hotel," and ran to open the door. The two girls looked at each other with immediate mutual interest. "My, but she's pretty!" Ann thought. Roberta had glossy black hair, and wide eyes with shadows artfully accentuated. She wore a tailored suit that clung to her trim figure, and asked for the landlady in a voice that reminded Ann of Elaine's in *Idylls of the King*.

Roberta thought Ann was pretty, too. Doing her hair the next morning, she watched Ann doing her room, and asked, "What are *you* making beds for? If I had that copper head of yours I'd be out making hay."

"Making hay?" Ann echoed in bewilderment.

"While the sun shines," Roberta elucidated. "For a girl, that's about ten years. I'd give the old world a tussle, kid. If it throws you, maybe you'll see stars, but that's better than never seeing 'em."

Ann repeated this conversation to her father.

"You'd better give that lady a wide berth," he advised.

Nevertheless the intimacy ripened rapidly. Ann postponed her visit to the business school. "Let's wait until the end of the week," she told Charlie. "I've got something in mind."

"What?"

"Oh, a kind of a hunch."

I*t wasn't a hunch. It wasn't even a hope. It was only that she did want to—to "see stars"; not pothooks in a notebook. All the time Roberta's words kept singing themselves in Ann's mind. By Thursday they had become a little verse:*

If you get thrown, kid, you're gonna see stars,
Gonna see stars,
Gonna see stars.

If you get thrown, kid, you're gonna see stars,
And stars are worth seeing however they come.

She chanted the refrain as she pushed a carpet sweeper. Roberta opened her door.

"Where'd you get that stuff?" she asked.

"Out of my head."

"Any more where it came from?"

"Heaps." Ann grinned. "I'm always putting my thoughts to music and singing them."

"It's a good trick," Roberta pondered out loud. "You've got a good voice, too, and a good sense of rhythm. If you had a chance—"

She stopped short.

"You mean on the stage?" Ann asked breathlessly. Roberta nodded.

"But that's not so easy," she said.

The next day the skies fell.

Things hadn't been going too well with Mrs. Boag. Under the circumstances it irked her to see J. Benton sitting around, ignoring one payday after another. Several times she had alluded to the matter acidly. "Ann certainly earns her keep," J. Benton said.

"She doesn't earn yours."

"I don't want her to earn mine. Temporarily I'm a bit embarrassed for funds, but I'll get something, and when I do—"

Mrs. Boag sniffed and walked out of the room.

Soon afterward, in a wastebasket, she found a letter to J. Benton from an acquaintance connected with the street railways. There was nothing in his office, he wrote, but there would be no difficulty about putting Mr. Cutler to work in the carbarns. He could start as a watchman, and something better might open up later. Mrs. Boag kept the letter and brooded over it.

That particular Friday J. Benton was twenty minutes late for luncheon. "I overslept," he said. "Give me a couple of eggs, will you, Ann?"

Mrs. Boag bristled.

"**Y***OU'LL take what there is on the table," she exclaimed, "or you'll take nothing!"*

"There doesn't seem to be much on the table."

"It satisfied my other guests," said Mrs. Boag, "and they pay their board."

"If you are referring," J. Benton replied, "to my temporary inability to secure employment—"

"Inability, fiddlesticks!" Mrs. Boag interrupted. "You could get a job if you wanted it." She pulled J. Benton's letter from her bodice. "What's the matter with that?"

J. Benton drew himself up stiffly.

"Are you opening your boarders' mail now?" he asked.

"I didn't open this. I found it in your wastebasket."

Two of Mrs. Boag's boarders were still at the table. One of them rose hastily and left the room. The other pretended to go on eating. Ann stood in the doorway, quivering visibly.

"I found it in your wastebasket," Mrs. Boag repeated, "and it seems to be an offer of work. Why didn't you take it?"

"That," J. Benton answered, "is my business."

"It's not," Mrs. Boag flashed back at him. "It's mine. It's my business to know why I've got to support you. You're too good for this job, I suppose. But you're not too good to go on living on me."

Mr. Cutler pushed back his chair.

"Get your things, Ann," he said.

Still trembling, her eyes filled with tears, Ann escaped into the kitchen. Through the swinging door she could hear the rumpus continuing. Finally Ann's ears caught the sound of her father's footsteps in the hall.

An instant later Charlie Binns opened the back door.

"I knocked twice," he began, and stopped short. "What's the matter, Ann?"

"Nothing."

"Then what are you crying for?"

Ann told him, and Charlie listened without even setting down the weighty wooden box he held in both hands.

"What're you going to do?" he inquired at last.

"I don't know."

Charlie carried his load to the kitchen table.

"Say, listen," he said. "How'd you like to marry me?"

Certainly an unconventional proposal of marriage, and how does Ann meet it in her desperate situation? Bright dreams of the stage haunt her, and the poor kid hasn't a cent and hardly a friend to help. Perhaps the most important decision of her life is taken in the following installment. Don't miss it in next week's Liberty.



CHANNING POLLOCK

was born in 1880, and seems to have been everything from stevedore to world traveler. He is the author of more than thirty plays, including The Sign on the Door, The Fool, The Enemy, and The House Beautiful. Some of them have been played all over the world. He lives in Shoreham, Long Island, N. Y.

City Gangs Enslave Moonshine Mountaineers



Sherwood Anderson, a world-famous author. He attended the trial.



Carter Lee, a grandnephew of Robert E. Lee. He was acquitted.

The Amazing but Little-Known Story of How an Outlaw Group of Big-Time Racketeers Made a Remote Virginia County the Wettest Spot in the U. S. A.

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHAT is the wettest section in the U. S. A., the place where, during prohibition and since, the most illicit liquor has been made? The extreme wet spot, per number of people, isn't in New York or Chicago. By the undisputed evidence given at a recent trial in the United States Court at Roanoke, Virginia, the spot that fairly dripped illicit liquor, and kept right on dripping it after prohibition ended, is in the mountain country of southwestern Virginia—in Franklin County, Virginia.

Franklin is a big county and practically all mountains. It lies just south of the county seat, Rockymount, and some twenty-five miles due south of the industrial city of Roanoke and but a few miles from Lynchburg, home town of Senator Glass.

These big towns and others, growing factory towns, Staunton, birthplace of President Wilson; Winchester, place of many battles during the Civil War, home town now of Senator Harry Byrd; Lexington, home of Stonewall Jackson and the place where Robert E. Lee went to become a schoolteacher after Appomattox—a Lee was among others recently being tried in the United States Court—all of these towns lie in the famous rich valley of Virginia, the Shenandoah Valley. Lynchburg, as you go west from tidewater Virginia, is really the beginning of the mountains—Virginia's portion of the famous Southern highlands, land of moonshiners and of the feuds.

Involved in the trial at Roanoke were some of the solid men of the big mountain county. There were merchants, automobile salesmen, liquor financiers, sheriffs and deputy sheriffs, a member of the state prohibition force, a federal revenue man—makers and more makers of moon—and the charge on which these men were tried was not alone that of liquor making, but of a conspiracy to beat the government out of the tax on liquor. Carter Lee, a grandnephew of Robert E. Lee, was up there, facing a possible prison term, and the South was shocked. He came clear. The jury declared he was not guilty. He is the prosecuting attorney of the mountain county and, of all the men indicted, he and two unimportant deputy sheriffs were the only ones who did come clear.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine? It is no more. In its stead is the bloodstained trail of gangdom, rising from the purlieus of crime-infested cities into the blue mists of the mountains of Virginia. The moonshiners?—those cold-eyed silent natives who had their mountain kingdom to themselves, running their little stills in the secret places of the woods and rocks, turning back "furriners" with shotguns and squirrel rifles? They have been conquered by the cities' big shots. They are distilling under orders, risking their liberty for a dollar a day, like Al Capone's alky cooks in the frenzied years before repeal, while—as Mr. Anderson shows clearly in this amazing article—their overlords and masters, the bootleg kings, are making millions deluging America with their product, illicit "white mule" in fancy bottles!

As to the amount of liquor made in the mountain county right on in the years after prohibition ended, some notion may be had by the figures given in the testimony.

Fred O. Maier, representative of Standard Brands, Washington, D. C., testified that 70,448 pounds of a single standard brand of yeast, such as is used in distilling, was sold in the county in four years. The yeast was sold in pound packages, each containing thirty-two

pieces. That sounds something like 21,000,000 brews. A lot. Franklin County, Virginia, has a population of 24,000. The city of Richmond, with 189,000 people, used 2,000 pounds of yeast during the same period. There were said to be single families in the county that used 5,000 pounds of sugar a month.

There were other startling figures introduced by the government. These, totaled by government statisticians, revealed purchases of commodities useful to illicit liquor makers as follows: Sugar, 33,839,109 pounds; corn meal, 13,307,477 pounds; rye meal, 2,408,308 pounds; malt, 1,018,420 pounds; hops, 30,366 pounds; and miscellaneous grain products, 15,276,071 pounds.

SOME one had invented a five-gallon non-gurgling tin can. That was an idea. Most of the liquor made in this Virginia mountain county had to be run out to some distant city, and one of the pests to the rumrunner is the gurgling sound arising from containers on rough roads. The non-gurgling cans apparently worked.

And they sold. Into this one mountain county during a four-year period there were shipped 205 carloads of 516,176 pounds. One witness testified that a carload runs about 3,000 cans, which means that the county consumed more than 600,000 of the five-gallon cans.

That would account for some 3,501,115 gallons of moon liquor pouring down out of this one mountain county, being rushed at night in fast cars into the coal-mining regions of West Virginia, to the big Virginia towns along the valley, to Roanoke, Lynchburg, Norfolk, and on into Eastern cities. The business, once organized, kept growing. They were at it up to the moment when some thirty-four of the more prominent citizens of the

county were brought into the United States Court.

In this mountain country in the very heart of America, the government in its recent wholesale raid didn't pay much attention to the little moonshiner ("blockader" is the local name for the illicit liquor maker). He exists everywhere but he doesn't count. On the witness stand at the big trial some of the big makers spoke of these little picayune makers, and always contemptuously. "These little cobwebs," they said, meaning the poor little hillside farmer, the poor mountain white, who creeps off up some mountain stream, under the deep twisted laurel, with a homemade still, to run himself off "a leetle run" for his own use, or perhaps to sell a gallon now and then.

In Franklin County the little fellows were out. The officers, it seemed, had to make a show now and then, a few stills captured and cut up. So they got the cobwebs. Any number of the little fellows testified at the trial. "I tried making a little run but I got caught."

Sometimes one of the big fellows, or a county or state officer, came to call on such a little cobweb.

"Howdy, Jim."

"Howdy, Jake."

"You been making a little now and then, eh, Jim?"

"You know I have, Jake. But I ain't had no luck."

"You got your still cut up, eh?"

"I sure did, Jake."

A smile from Jake. "Suppose, Jim, you go see Jeff. You know who I mean. You talk to Jeff." (Jeff would be one of the big shots.) "I think, Jim, you might have you a little better luck than you been having."

It was the contention of the government in the conspiracy trial that the little fellows, the old-fashioned rifle-toting mountain moonshiners of romance, had been quite put out of business in this section.

THE county had been divided off into sections, a big blockader and a state officer for each section. Some of the really big operators didn't make any liquor at all. They let out the job to other mountain men. "Jim, I'll be up your way next Wednesday night at about ten. Where'll be a good place to leave the stuff?"

Witnesses at the big trial, testifying:

"So I was working for Jeff [or "Henry" or "Peg"]. I was hauling. So I hauled the yeast out, the sugar out, the meal out."

"Where'd you leave it, Ed?"

"I left it just where I was told, sometimes by a bunch of trees or laurels just off the road—maybe ten, fifteen, twenty hundred-pound bags of sugar, so much meal, so many cans, so much yeast."

"You just dumped it down there in the dark? And there was no one there to receive it?"

"There may have been some one there. I dunno. It was black night. I didn't see no one."

"And what did you get for this, Ed? Bear in mind, Ed, you were running the risk of going to prison every trip you took."

"Yes, I know. I got maybe a dollar, maybe a dollar and a half."

There was plenty of testimony of that sort. Men running stills, back in the mountain laurel, for the big fellows, working for the big fellows—some of them testified, turning out moon at ten cents a gallon.

There should have been money in that for the big fellows! There was.

There were plenty of romantic figures at the trial. The government had two attorneys and the county men had some ten or twelve. In a United States Court the judge can question witnesses. He can make comments.

One of the lawyers pleading to the jury for a mountain man: "Men, send him back where he came from. Send him back to his mountain home."

The judge: "You mean, send him back to keep making the same kind of mean whisky he was making."

There was Willy Carter Sharpe on the witness stand. She is a rather handsome slender black-haired woman of thirty. It came out, when she was questioned, that she had been a mountain child from a neighboring county, and as a child had gone down into a Southern industrial town to work in a cotton mill. Then a spell in



Typical moonshiners' stills seized in Franklin County.

an overall factory and a job in a five-and-ten-cent store. She met and married the son of a big shot.

"I began selling liquor around town, drumming up trade."

She had, however, a passion for automobiles and developed into a fast and efficient driver. A Virginia businessman at the trial, full of admiration, whispered of her accomplishments: "I saw her go right through the main street of our town and there was a federal car after her. They were banging away, trying to shoot down her tires, and she was driving at seventy-five miles an hour."

"She got away," said the businessman. He liked her, as did every one in the courtroom. She told her story frankly, as did many other witnesses. It was evident that something new had sprung up in the mountains—big business, mass production, introduced by a few shrewd determined men, the plan being to make the little fellows work at a dangerous occupation—prisons staring at them—for little more than a day's wage.

There were mountain boys and men working nights at the stills—big stills some of them, 1,000- or 2,000-gallon capacity. Men hauling the meal, sugar, yeast, and containers back up into the hills at night.

"What did you get?"

"Oh, I got a dollar a trip."

The lawyers for the defense didn't even cross-examine Willy Carter Sharpe. She told a story of mountain men become big-time promoters, convoys of cars on the roads at night, herself in a fast car acting as pilot, government men, not fixed, coming in from Washington, the chase at night, cars scattering, dashing through the night streets of towns, the big business carried right on after prohibition ended.

MEN in the crowd in the courtroom whispering: "This is the biggest it's ever been in the mountains. 'This'll clean things up.'"

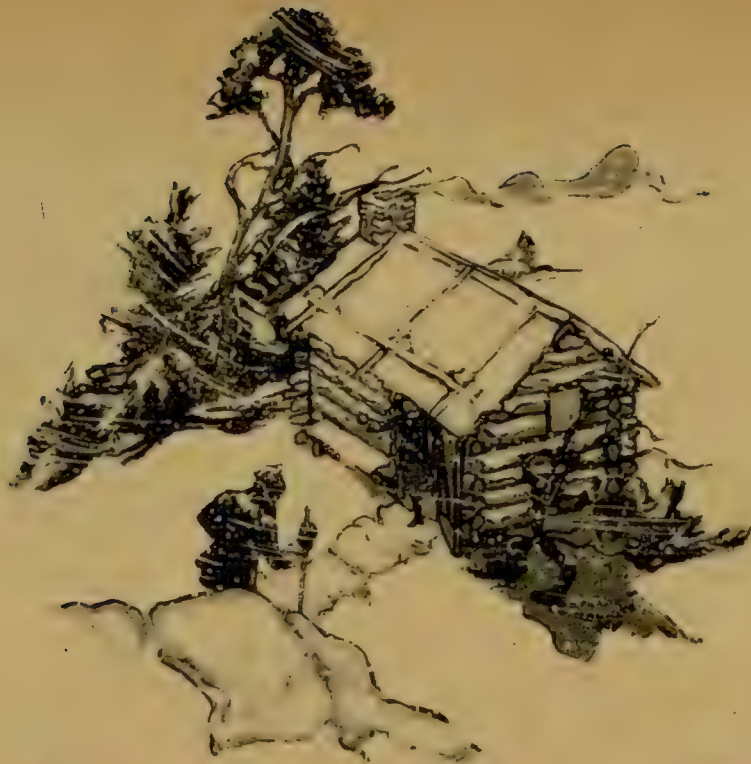
One of the men accused—he had pleaded guilty and faced prison: "I'm glad it's over. It had got too big. We don't want our county to be like that."

After she had been on the witness stand and had told her story, Willy Carter Sharpe talked freely. "It was the excitement got me," she said, and spoke of other rum-runners employed by the big shots. "They were mostly kids who liked the excitement." There were women, some of them of respectable families, who came to her—this after she had been in jail, had been in the newspapers. "They wanted to go along with me on a run at night. They wanted the kick of it," she said. She refused to tell who they were. "Some of them had in their veins what you call the best blood of Virginia," she said.

The trial was extraordinary. Even some of the big shots—mountain men who had gone into the outlaw liquor business in the new big way—came down out of the hills to testify for the government. The jury was made up pretty much of mountain men from neighboring counties. The mountain men came down, some of them, to convict themselves. They seemed to want it stopped. They seemed to want to go back to the old ways.

The big way was too cruel. It brought out too many ugly things in men.

THE END



CROSSING the GORGE

A SWIFT, TENSE TALE OF WILDERNESS TERROR AND A
LOVE THAT LAUGHED AT DEATH—A STORY YOU WON'T
SOON FORGET, ALIVE WITH THE GLAMOUR OF ROMANCE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES-5 SECONDS

UP and down across a hundred square miles of the Sierra Nevada at its wildest, the boy was known and mildly loved as Crazy Barnaby. Christened something altogether different, he had been dubbed anew by an old miner who read Dickens. He was seventeen; he was as wild and weird as Barnaby Rudge, merely lacking a raven; he listened to voices. He said that God came down and talked with him. So they called him Crazy Barnaby: since why should God, with an entree into all circles, talk with him?

This Crazy Barnaby made long lonely excursions throughout the wilderness country. He said sometimes that a sparrow had been caught by one wing in a distant manzanita thicket and that he must hurry to set the bird free. He said sometimes that a deer had broken its slender foreleg and would perish unless he went to its succor. He said that the little mountain-meadow rabbits and the lean timber wolves and the striped chipmunks and the eagles were his brothers.

And where Crazy Barnaby went, always with a packet of food and water and a flask and iodine and adhesive tape at his belt, there went also a softly merry jingle of bells. He carried a staff, and to it were affixed three small bells which, he said, talked for him, saying the things he could almost think of but could never quite get words for.

So "Crazy" they called him. All except Father Kilduff. This Father Kilduff was a young Irish priest, as strong as a bull and seventeen times as fearless. "Crazy? I'm not so sure," he said thoughtfully. "Anyhow, he's a good boy and God loves him."

A wintry October dusk shut down over the mountains. In the bleak depths of the gorge it was already dark, while shafts of light splintered on the crags a thousand feet above. Today was clear after three days of down-

pour, but the smell of the coming snowstorm was in the crisp air. The torrent which raged through the steep-walled canyon was as mad a thing now as runaway horses, manes flying. To attempt to cross it here was to wrap death's cold arms about you.

Yet a man was making his way down into the gorge. For he was lost, he was starving, he was pinched with cold—and he had seen that gayest of all sights, a light. There were red and orange flames, the merry banners of a campfire toward which he made all haste, breaking through patches of buckbrush, tearing his hands on granite spurs, and never feeling a scratch.

It was all inky blackness in the bottom of the gorge when he got down to the river's edge, the last light having fled from the heights. Even the campfire was hidden behind some obstruction. He stopped, deafened by the thunder of raging water. His heart, lifted so high, sank. For now he knew that the fire was on the far side of the stream, just beyond a waterside thicket of red willows. Peering, he at last saw a faint masked flicker of it.

He knew that he could not cross. Yet, for companionship, he shouted.

Then he saw a moving light. Some one was carrying a flaring torch, a piece of dry pitchy pine from the fire. He shouted again, and the torch waved, was lifted high, and like a faint cry from some far-off elfin land came an answer. It was in a woman's voice—a girl's—and some of the words, not drowned by the water voices, were: "Where? . . . Who? . . . Thank God!"

He came closer, standing so that his boots were in the water. She too must have drawn closer to him. He could not see her at all clearly, but could make out a slender wavering form.

They called back and forth to each other. He risked

much in clambering to a big slippery rock in the stream. They were but a few feet apart. He could make out that she was on a tiny sand bar, a place of pebbles. This was what they called Thunder Canyon, and with reason—a place of sonorous reverberations, of mighty tumult, with waterfall and whirlpool.

Still, certain of his words carried to her—"lost," "hungry," "starving"—elemental words.

"Wait!" He made out that she whirled and ran back to her fire. She returned, called to him again, made him understand by showing him in the light of her torch what she was holding—and hurled it toward him. Something to eat! Being a girl, she threw as girls mostly do, and her little present to him went where she did not intend it to go at all, and fell short and splashed and was carried away.

BOTH saw. He was speechless. She screamed. Then he laughed. She'd do better next time; he'd instruct her. But what words reached him in her wailing voice wiped the laugh out of him. She too was hungry. Nonetheless, not quite starving, she had thrown him the last bite she had—a morsel she was saving for supper just before she curled up to die or to go to sleep.

He had matches, and so built a fire as close as he could to the edge of the stream. She brought firebrands and soon had her own fire going as close as she could manage on her side of Thunder Canyon. They stood in the wind-blown light, a dim smoky light, and showed themselves to each other, all by way of being companionable. He could see a slight, gracefully moving figure; it made him think of the bending young willows all about her. Of her face he could see nothing, but he knew how

beautiful it must be. She could see a man tall and slim despite his heavy coat. But of his face she could make nothing, of it she could guess nothing, except what his voice had made her think of: a keen, frank, and purposeful face—a young face. Most of all each sensed what was in himself: golden youth and a clean indomitable spirit.

"Talking's all out," he volleyed at her, cupping his hands at his mouth. "Tomorrow morning we'll work upstream—we'll find a ford—we'll be all right then—"

And she said something, and after a while they settled down by their fires and called good night back and forth, and tried to rest and even sleep. But they kept their fires going all night.

Far off he heard a timber wolf howl. So too did she. The wolf was on her side of the canyon, and she sprang to her feet and snatched up a firebrand—and then crouched down again, hiding. He thundered his reassurances at her; he tried to say the obvious funny thing—that if any old wolf came along tonight they'd eat him. She tried to laugh back at him. The wolf went away, and the two lived through the night somehow.

"We'll see each other in the morning, anyhow," was what both were thinking.

But these two who in the nighttime were only black blurs to each other were scarcely better than gray blurs in the dawn. The wind sharpened and stiffened all night long. Before daybreak it shrilled down along the canyon bearing fine hard grains of snow. When somewhere in the wilderness a pallid sun came up, they could not see it, so lowering were the skies. The ground was white all about them; snow was on his hat, on his coat; it hooded her hair and clung to her like a mantle of ermine.

"You look great in your winter furs!" was his greet-

by

JACKSON GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK PAGNATO



They toiled on in an endless inferno of wind and snow and slippery rocks and roaring water.

ing. And she must have caught some of the words, because there came back to him, "Santa Claus!"

They agreed, needing few words, to work upstream. They'd hope to come to a narrowing of the channel, a place somewhere to cross, one to the other; and already to both, with food out of the question at the moment, this hoped-for junction of their spent forces was the one urgent affair in life.

They waved valiantly across the stream and began a toilsome journey which was to last interminable hours. At times they lost each other entirely, hidden by willow thickets, by boulders. And these were times when each wondered and feared a little, and which always ended by one or the other standing out upon a high place, a big rock in the open, and waving and watching and waiting until at last the other came in sight. Then they called back and forth as cheerily as they could, and rested a moment or two, and continued again—and again and yet again all over.

Once, in a spot where the water ran somewhat less thunderously, he called to her, trying to be gay about things:

"How do you know I'm not a cannibal? I'm hungry enough to eat you!"

She laughed at that; but it was shaky laughter, and she was so weary, so hungry, so drearily cold that the two big tears on her cheeks were hard pearls.

"Frozen tears," she thought, "but our hearts are warm. And after a while I won't be all alone like this."

They toiled on in what seemed an endless inferno of wind and snow and slippery rocks and roaring water, always with the hope, like a star ahead, that soon they'd come together. How tremendously, overpoweringly important that imminent meeting became! As though it in itself were going to warm them, to feed them, to lift them out of all this!

At last, after fighting laborious ways along canyon walls, at times far apart, at times quite near, they came to a narrowing of the canyon where there was a great glassy black pool overhung by an outward leaning cliff, and where there was a sort of natural pathway on the man's side which led him close to a huge flat-topped rock which stood up out of the water and to which he might leap. From this, in turn, he could jump across a wild millrace and land among pebbles on her side. She watched him, her two hands hard against her breast.

He made the first half of the journey, balanced uncertainly a moment, steadied himself, waved his soggy battered old hat at her, took off for the final lap of the flight—and crumpled on the shore.

She ran toward him. She began stumbling just as he was getting to his feet. She fell, and he caught her in both arms—and both went down together. And where they fell they lay a moment, he still holding her tightly against him—and laughed just because they were so overcome by relief and because they were young, and because they couldn't have helped it to save their souls.

HE got to his feet and helped her up, and they stood facing each other, their hands clasping, both of his holding both of hers. She was a little thing and had to look up at him. Her eyes were glad now and softly shining, velvety with emotion, wetly bright. And there were soft curls about her delicate ears, and her mouth was soft, too, with her smile.

"You're lovely," he said.

"So're you," she laughed up at him; for through his fine eyes she had looked deep into the man himself.

"We're both lost, it appears—" he began.

"I came away from the Sierra Dude Ranch just for fun—"

"Lord! That must be twenty miles from here!"

"I should think a thousand miles would be a closer guess. And I am Penny—"

"No! Penelope?"

"Uh-uh. And—"

"Lovely name! And I'm John Gray." He made a wry face. "Funny, isn't it? I was raised in this country, too, but have been away now since I was a kid. Came back; thought I was pretty smart; tried to take a short cut; got mixed on landmarks—and here we are."

"I'm glad you did get lost," she said fervently. "I couldn't have stood it much longer."

"Will some one be looking for you?"

"I suppose so. But—well, you see, I did want so much to be all alone a little; it was my last week here. So I played fox and made them think I was going one way, then came the other. They'll be looking for me about forty miles from here."

"Can you sing?"

"Will that help? I've heard of whistling."

"Strike up Onward, Christian Soldiers! We're on our way somewhere."

She thought, "How strong his hands are." He said abruptly, "Do you know who the two best friends in the world are?" And she answered him simply, "Of course I know; we are." And then he let her hands go and jammed his old hat on crookedly and said, "Forward, then!"

They decided to keep on upstream, as he by this time had his bearings in a pretty general sort of way and thought that they stood a far better chance if they struck out for the tiny settlement in what was called High Indian Valley. If they missed that, there were still the Black Rock Mines; and there used to be a couple of cabins which he knew years ago, old prospectors' places.

AFTER their initial spurt of gaiety they were as silent as all the rest of the world had grown about them. They had climbed up out of the canyon, seeking the upper ridges, and save for a suddenly muted music of wind-blown pines there was scarcely a sound anywhere about them. The snow fell heavy and thick, settling ever so softly, beginning to overlay a fat padding on pine and fir boughs, bending them and holding them still as the wind sighed itself out. The cold was not so piercing now. As they labored on, weaving in and out among the big trees upon an upland plateau, they grew comfortably warm.

But they were fast growing very, very weak, and there was nothing at hand more edible than harsh brush and pine needles. And both thought of her last sandwich—how it had splashed in the stream.

They stopped often to rest. He leaned against a thick-boled pine; she stood close to him; gently he drew her closer, into his arms, sheltering her.

"I suppose," she said faintly, "that we're done for? I can't go on much farther. Can you?"

She didn't seem afraid; just weary. He said:

"No, I can't stick it out much longer. We'll keep on as long as we can. In the end we can freeze and starve together."

She stirred ever so slightly in his comforting arms.

"At least we won't be alone; that 'together' helps, doesn't it?"

He said fervently, "God bless you, Penelope."

And she squeezed his hand and said, "And you too, John."

Then he kissed her, and her lips grew warm under his.

"Penelope!" he almost shouted at her after that kiss, as though she were across the gorge from him again. "You listen to me! We're going to win clear of this with bells on!"

His eyes flashed, and hers, uplifted to his, flashed back with the same look. They did not want to die, even in each other's arms. So they summoned up new strength and toiled on, their hands locked together; and where she faltered he helped her, and when once or twice he stumbled she helped him. And they hit a trail not altogether hidden under snow, for the trees were a dark roof above it; and the trail climbed another ridge and found another meadow and of a sudden became a sort of rutted road; and the road led on to a crazy bridge of poles across a creek. And in a clearing only a couple of hundred yards away they saw the most beautiful sight in the world—a log cabin with a rock chimney and a gray smudge of smoke!

They stood stone-still and looked at it, like two lost souls who at last glimpsed paradise and knew that they might enter—yet who for a breathless moment must pause and grow motionless and somehow prepare themselves, purifying their souls with thanksgiving.

It was natural for him to hold her in the crook of his arm. She trembled so, shaken with cold, with weariness and hunger-faintness, and with the impart of sudden hope overcoming hopelessness. He could not see her eyes just then, but fell to marveling at the mysterious fringes of her curly eyelashes. Then she looked up at him and they clutched each other and, hand in hand, hurried on.

"Do you like your bacon nice and crisp?" he wanted to know.

"I'll make the batter for hot cakes. Just flour and tinned milk and—"

"We'll fry 'em in ham fat. And then some dried-apple sauce—"

"I'll do that while you're ripping cans open. Some peaches, please, John; and sardines and tomatoes and corn and sweet potatoes and pineapple and—"

"Didn't you think you saw smoke coming out of the chimney?"

"I thought I did. Still, we couldn't have seen any smoke in all this snow, could we?"

"Anyhow, there's none now. But even if the place is deserted—"

HE struck the door, called sharply, and then lifted the old-fashioned latch. The door was not locked. They stepped immediately out of the storm into a warm semidark room, the atmosphere heavily pungent with wood smoke. There had been a fire here just now; in the small rock fireplace there were still glowing coals in the gray-ash heap. But the place seemed unoccupied. The windows, two of them, were small; a barley sack hung over one, curtainwise. Only a dim light held here. In that light they saw a bunk, a table, a bench, and—finally—a man lying motionless on the floor halfway between fireplace and bunk.

John Gray went hastily forward, while Penelope stood where she was in the middle of the square squatty room, her eyes wide with a dawning horror, her fingers hushing her lips.

"Dead," said John. He was kneeling. He looked back at her over his shoulder. "He must have died only a few minutes ago; he's hardly gone cold yet."

"Are you sure?"

He nodded glumly.

"Dead as a hammer. And he's dead because somebody killed him, poor devil. He's been shot or stabbed in the chest; he's got a bandage tied about him."

She slumped down right where she was, on the bare floor, and put her face into her trembling hands, and he heard her begin to sob. He said to himself, "Damn fool I am, to hand it to her like that!" He rose to go to her. Then instead he stooped, gathered up the quiet stiffening form of the dead man in his arms, and carried him swiftly through a half-open door which gave access to the cabin's only other room, a dark small place with a bench in it, empty crates, picks and shovels, the general clutter of a store-room. There were no windows here; when he had put down his burden and

Ken Strong



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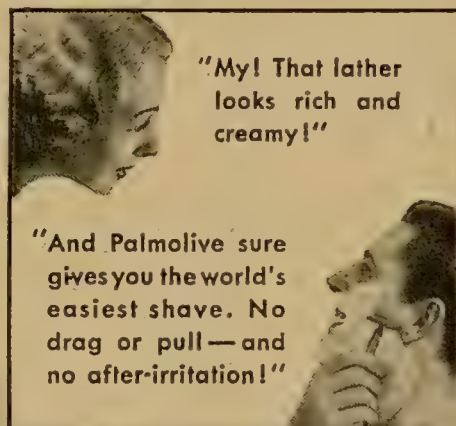
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returned to his companion, he closed the door after him.

"Penelope—"

She didn't answer. She had crawled near the warm hearth and lay there face down, her forehead upon her crossed arms, her wet curly hair glinting ever so softly in the faint fire glow.

He stooped and put his cheek against hers. Both cheeks were so cold!

"In one minute," he said gently, "we'll have a big blaze going. Then hot coffee, and—and we'll be ready to handle whatever is in the cards."

In the chimney corner was a tall stack of dry wood. He broke some splinters off and crisscrossed them on the coals; he blew on them and so ignited them; he began heaping the rich pine wood high. Flames leaped out and up, licking the resinous fuel, crackling, spurting out little jets of fire and white smoke intermingled. A great rush of orange fire roared up the chimney and cast its merry dancing light upon them.

Penelope sighed and stirred and sat up. She was going to smile; she was going to confess that she was ashamed but that she simply couldn't help keeling over for a moment. But when she saw John's face she forgot about the smile and apology alike. He was wearing such a queer expression! He looked puzzled, baffled, incredulous.

"What is it, John?" she asked, standing up and going to lean shakily against the chimney.

"It's only—Wait a shake. I don't believe it!"

He hurried into the storeroom, striking a match as he went. He came back, found a candle end, lighted that, and went again into the tiny adjoining cubicle. She heard him rummaging in there until he must have had time to turn things topsy-turvy.

Then he came back to her and closed the door after him and stood, leaning against it, staring at her with that same queer look in his eyes.

"So—whatever it is—it's true, then?" she asked him.

"There's not a scrap of any kind of food in the house," he told her.

They went together to the door through which they had so recently entered as into a still haven, and looked out into the gray sky and across the white world. Again the changeful wind was blowing up from the south. It swept the snow along almost horizontally; it brought back the piercing cold; it began making shrewd cutting pellets of the frozen moisture, blowing up another blizzard. Almost it drove them back indoors. They were glad enough to withdraw and shove the door shut against the rising violence.

"You—you're sure that he is dead? And that some one killed him?" whispered Penelope, and shuddered and went hurrying back to their fire.

Yes, he was sure. No use talking about it; no sense speculating. They could do nothing for him.

"IT'S funny, though, that there's not a single bite to eat here," she said after a while.

"I don't believe it was his cabin," said John. "I think he must have come here for shelter; the place was abandoned when he got here. If he had anything with him in the way of food, he must have cleaned up on it. I've looked everywhere."

"We can't go on—without resting first and getting warm," she said.

And then they looked at each other. By the time they'd rested, perhaps even slept, there'd be no more strength in them than in a couple of day-old kittens. And when he tried to guess where they were he could not be any more optimistic than to judge that they might possibly be within a dozen up-and-down miles of any other human habitation.

"Let's get good and warm, shall we?" she said, and at last used the smile she had planned on some little while ago.

It was a lovely little brave smile, John thought, the lovelier and all the braver because her darling lips would tremble so. He just reached out and gathered her to him and buried his face in the warmth of her hair.

"We'll have the bulliest old fire there ever was!" he promised her, recklessly gay, and piled on the wood. Then he made a sort of seat for her in the chimney corner, a cushion of an old blanket folded, then covered with his own coat, since the blanket was so untidy to look upon, and since, as he explained, it was so warm in here it was a relief to shed his outer garment. She half sat leaning and half lay gracefully curled up, and he lay on the floor near her, propped on his elbows with his chin in his hands, looking at her.

"When we get warm," he said, "we'll think of something. There's always a way out, you know, Penelope."

"Yes, John dear," she said, smiling. And neither appeared to notice the thing she was saying, or that her hand reached out and began toying gently with his soft dark hair. And thus, with the fire very cheery and warm, suddenly cozy, the two of them went fast asleep.

He awoke first. She, very white, was still fast asleep. She had thrown out one arm. Her little hand, as delicately pretty as he had noted her ears to be, as he knew that she was all over, was half across his chest. He removed it gently; he barely touched his lips to it; he arose with never a sound and resuscitated the dead fire.



JACKSON GREGORY is a Californian, descended from pioneer stock in that state. One of his earlier newspaper jobs—in New Jersey after he had "barnstormed" East—lasted just half a day. Later, however, he put in quite some time on newspaper work in New York City before he barnstormed back to the coast and began to write Western novels.

"I GUESS we're on the skids," he soliloquized, and tumbled his wild thatch of hair with both rebellious hands. "We're pegging out, that's all there is to it. Funny. To have met her—Penelope—only now. Not to know who or what she is—God! I do know! She told me! Man alive, she is Penelope!"

"Did you call me?" asked Penelope, asleep, and awoke.

She was thirsty. She wanted something hot. She was, he thought, like a poor little worn-out tot of six. He found water running through an open pipe at the side of the house, not yet frozen up. He filled an old coffeepot and warmed it at the fire. By the time he had done this she was wide awake and all her courage had come back. She tried to laugh as she remarked:

"Don't you love to dine, when you're good and hungry, on such delicious hot water?"

"You know," he said, "I'm not the least hungry any more."

"Me too," said Penelope. "I think we're over the worst of it, don't you, John?"

"I know we are. We're going to get a break yet—"

"That's man talk, isn't it?" smiled Penelope faintly. She reached out and tucked her hand into his. "It's worth it, John dear—just knowing you. Promise me something?"

"You bet I will—anything," he said stoutly—or at least as stoutly as he could.

She sipped her hot water, then gulped a cupful—then sat back in her corner, looking at him. And her eyes were velvet stars shining down on him from high heaven.

"I—I want to die cozily." Her smile drenched him then, and the hot tears sprang into his eyes and streamed down his face. She saw, and dropped her cup and crept into his arms. "I am growing cold inside, John dear," she whispered. "Warm me with your arms and with your kisses. Kiss me when—when I'm dead and c-cold—"

"Damn!" stormed John. "Damn, oh damn, oh damn! God! Where are you?"

"Hush," whispered Penelope, and snuggled closer and put her finger on his rebellious mouth. "We're together, remember. They'll find us here sometime, won't they, John? Next spring, maybe. Is the door fastened tight, so that—And the windows?"

He knew that she was thinking about the howling timber wolf. He got up—shaky, spent, scarcely able to drag one foot after the other, his brain swimming dizzily—and went to the door. He fumbled with the latch and the door came open. The wind aided and flung it wide. He stood there on the threshold a moment. The gush of frozen air in his face whipped some of the mists out of his brain; his eyes cleared.

He had just asked, "God, where are you?" Here was his answer.

It was young Father Kilduff, as strong as a bull and seventeen times as fearless. . . .

Father Kilduff knew death when he looked it in the face. He had a wide experience. He had come here to confess a man who had managed to send him word—a dying man shot through the chest. And now that man was dead, stiffening in the back room; and here were two others who, he saw at a glance, could not last long like this. He had broken his way through the storm; he had eaten at Jimmy Larkin's mountain cabin a good ten miles away; he had not so much as a scrap of bread with him.

"They look like angels," he thought as he stood over the two on the hearth. "There is a heavenly light in their eyes. Perhaps God has need of them."

They lay so tightly clasped in each other's arms, too. He wondered about that. He said cheerily:

"Keep your stout hearts up. I'll try to get you out of this."

Penelope smiled at him and tightened her two arms about John's body.

"Give us your blessing, father," she begged. "We're—we're on our way, you know."

And he bowed his head and said, "Yes, I know."

YES, he saw that they were about to die; and he saw farther, deeper than that: He saw that now they did not care, so that they died in each other's arms. He wondered of their love story; perhaps they had been boy-and-girl sweethearts. He looked even closer; he got down on his knees to look into the girl's face, and once on his knees remained there as though it were the Virgin Mother herself whom he saw.

He was amazed by her beauty. Always was it touched with the ethereal, and now, as she was about to cast off all the heavier qualities of earth, she became even radiantly ethereal. It was as though she wore a halo already. Then, dragging his eyes from hers, he looked at the man.

"You two love each other—like that?" he asked gently.

They smiled—not at him but into each other's eyes.

"Not married? Just lovers?" he queried.

Then he married them. And he turned away as they tried to kiss, as their failing arms tried to tighten. He heard a faint whisper from the girl. She said:

"We're married, John. Don't you hear the wedding bells?"

John said, "Oh, how I love you!"

Wedding bells? Father Kilduff ran to the door. There were bells. Here came Crazy Barnaby—and at Barnaby's belt were always food and medicine and good strong drink.

Father Kilduff dropped on both knees in the snow. What he said was in Latin, but that didn't matter.

Long ago he had said of Barnaby: "Crazy? I'm not so sure. Anyhow, he's a good boy and God loves him."

THE END

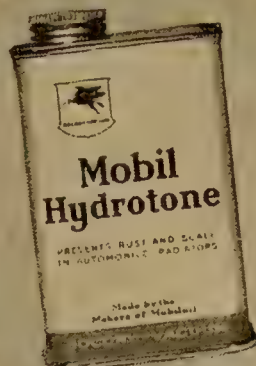
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HAILE SELASSIE asked me to tell you...

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following was the news from Liberty's correspondent at the time of going to press, when Italian-Ethiopian developments were still uncertain. The Maskal was celebrated in Addis Ababa on Friday, September 27.

GOD created the human being and has given him power to judge right and wrong."

Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, King of Kings and Lion of Judah, is speaking. It is in the state dining room of the new palace in Addis Ababa. I am standing about a dozen feet to the Emperor's left. Although speaking softly, his words are distinct:

"We know that you will write the truth as your conscience will judge it."

A simple request, simply phrased.

I am in Ethiopia to tell the facts about the Italian-Ethiopian strife, especially to watch hostilities in the air. There is one angle of the situation which is fraught with danger to all whites in the country. I have heard it from many sources; the most recent was the associate medical director of an American hospital in Addis Ababa.

"Before Haile Selassie became emperor," he said, "there was very little centralized government. The provinces were run by hereditary *ras-es* (princes) and subchieftains. That system had many evils, including slavery. The Emperor is doing his best to change it. His task is not easy; yet he is succeeding slowly, making progress. The governors of the provinces are now appointive and responsible to him.

"The chiefs do not like it; but the natives would depose a chief who tried to interfere. To keep any vestige of power, the chiefs must co-operate, or pretend to, with the Emperor. Until this season's rains began, a steady stream of chiefs and their armed retainers was pouring into Addis Ababa to pledge allegiance.

"When the rains stop there is always a festival to celebrate the event. It is called the Maskal. This year it will be the chiefs' opportunity. Thousands will come; the city will be an armed camp. Now, the natives who live in Addis Ababa are acquainted with the whites. They know there are different nationalities among us. In case of war there is little danger from them.

"Unfortunately, many of the natives of the back country have never even seen a white person. When Ethiopia goes to war against Italy every white will be an Italian to these back-country warriors. Therein lies menace to every white man and woman here. You'd better look out—it may be open season for anybody with a white skin."

At the time of my reception by the Emperor I had been in Addis Ababa just twenty-four hours. The calm of the palace contrasted strangely with the feverish prepara-

Will It Be Mutilation of Prisoners vs.
Poison Gas in Ethiopia?—Here Is
an Emperor's Plea for Truth and a
Grim Warning from Addis Ababa

by KENNETH
BROWN
COLLINGS

Liberty's Flying Correspondent in Ethiopia

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

tions for war which were everywhere outside.

From Djibouti the little meter-gauge train had struggled upward for two days. Behind Djibouti is a twenty-mile strip of sun-baked volcanic rock. I doubt if troops could cross it, but there are ways around it—which is lucky for the Italians. Farther inland is dusty bush country; then, as the train climbs, the land becomes better.

Crossing the frontier, I noticed that every Ethiopian carried a rifle of some kind. I inspected several rifles. They were old Italian and French makes, all rusty, and some bent or otherwise dangerously clogged

up. I did not see one really good weapon—but these were not soldiers; they were railroad guards or civilians. Most of their cartridges did not fit the rifles at all, and were carried merely as money.

From Djibouti to Addis Ababa is about 350 miles air line. It is nearly 500 by rail. The last third of the journey explains why Italy covets this country. The Amhara plateau is fertile, a farmer's paradise, and the variety of its crops is amazing. Toward the coast the natives are mostly Mohammedan Somalis; farther inland these are gradually replaced by the Ethiopians, who are Coptic Christians. There are a number of other races in Ethiopia, but for purposes of repelling the invader all seem to have forgotten their differences. However backward, they are simple, smiling, happy people.

As I came closer to Addis Ababa I kept hearing about the modern arms and equipment and the abundant ammunition of the regular Ethiopian army. I have since seen some of the Emperor's bodyguard, and those troops did have fairly new rifles and good uniforms. The question of ammunition supply is one on which the whole war may easily hinge. I will report in detail on it next time. Meanwhile, I already have strong reasons for doubting if the supply is anywhere near being adequate. I doubt also if Ethiopian marksmanship actually begins to be as good as it is said to be.

At the last station before Addis Ababa we passed a train packed with Italians getting out of the country. I talked with a very prosperous German farmer who had been there many years. He, too, told me that when Ethiopia fights Italy it will be just too bad for all whites.

"Then you will leave your home, abandon your investment here?" I asked.

"Ja! Ja! Why should I stay here to be murdered?"

In Addis Ababa you pass some sort of soldier every hundred yards or so from daybreak until 7 P. M., when there is a curfew. The cream of the regular troops is the Emperor's bodyguard. Its exact strength, carefully hidden, is estimated at 3,000 to 7,000 men; an occasional optimistic government statement hints at 15,000.

The Amharic plateau is mostly up and down hill, and



Acme photo

some of the hills are very steep. Walking down is easy. Climbing is another story, because of the altitude of 8,000 feet. The natives are used to that altitude and don't notice it. Italian troops who have had Alpine experience may be similarly immune; those who come from lowlands will surely have their troubles trying to breathe. The approaches to this region are few and difficult, and the entire plateau is a maze of mountains and gorges, some of the gorges as deep as the Grand Canyon.

If Italy aims at complete subjugation of Ethiopia, that is a giant's dream. I will not say it would be impossible, but the obstacles are great. No one here seems to know Italy's exact aim, but the Ethiopian purposes are clear. The Ethiopians are proud of their traditions and they love their country. They will not give up an inch—possibly excepting a strip of desert which no one wants anyway—without a fight to the death.

The military spirit is everywhere. Boys drill in the streets with sticks for guns. Hotel servants spend their lunch hours marching and countermarching, also with sticks. Led by a seven-foot ebony-hued drum major, the Emperor's bugle-and-drum corps stamps through the streets on Sunday morning after church; it wakes the echoes and the people swell with pride. The will to resist invasion is certainly here—but sticks in the hands of bell-hops won't kill many Italians, nor will loud bugle notes frighten away bombing planes. As to the possibility of an Ethiopian victory, I'll tell you more next time.

Meanwhile I am thinking much about the slender little soft-spoken man of few words, Haile Selassie. The other day in the palace he entertained us—the newspaper correspondents and myself—at tea. We bowed as we entered, then filed past him and shook hands. His hands are slender as a woman's and finely chiseled; could be those of an artist or a dreamer. Later I was presented officially and had an opportunity to talk with him for a few minutes—but first Matre Lorenzo Taezaz, chief of staff,



At left: Haile Selassie and Mr. Collings. In the World War and after it, Liberty's correspondent was an officer of the flying Marines. Above: Ferocious back-country Ethiopians arrive in Addis Ababa.

whispered in my ear that it was "not protocol" to discuss other than social matters in a first interview with His Majesty. As I expected a private audience in due time, I confined myself to attempts at flowery speeches about the beauty of Ethiopia and the interest of millions of Americans in it. The Emperor said, "That is nice," and invited me to a special church service. At the close of the reception he proposed a toast, simple, brief, impressive: "To the peace of the world." We all raised our wineglasses and drank.

I HAVE not been here long, but long enough to learn many things. I already know what to think of the Emperor's

objection to the Italian accusation of barbarism. For example, there is no question but that in 1896 the Ethiopians mutilated Italian prisoners after the battle of Adowa. A few crude oil paintings depicting this are still in circulation. No decent Ethiopians approve of them, and they are officially contraband. They are bootlegged to morbid foreigners at enormous prices.

Yet the commander of one Ethiopian province, Ras Seyoum of Tigré, is reported to have said that if the Italians use poison gas in the war the Ethiopians will again—regretfully—mutilate their prisoners.

I now have my appointment for a private audience with the Emperor. I shall tell you what he says. It will be interesting.

A momentous message to Americans from Emperor Haile Selassie, given by him in writing exclusively to Liberty through its correspondent, Kenneth Brown Collings, will be published in next week's issue.

HERE'S THE

by

FAITH

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 36 SECONDS



I WAS sitting on the radio with my feet in mother's near-Chinese bowl, when Ed Taylor yodeled through the door and marched in with the *best*-looking man I've ever set eyes on.

I don't care whether that's the way to begin a story or not—I'm probably the only girl in the U. S. A. with no ambitions whatever to become a lady novelist—but I'm putting down facts—because you never know when somebody will say it was *this* way and you'll want to prove it was *that* way.

If there's ever another argument, all that I'll need do is murmur:

"Let's look at the record."

I was sitting on the radio, and mother came along and planked down her pet bowl in the only clear space on the floor, and my feet had to be somewhere. So there I sat, looking like the wreck of the Hesperus and feeling worse than that, when in walked this man.

He had red hair, which I've always been partial to ever since I fell in love with some at the tender age of fourteen. His eyes were sort of blue-green—not snaky green, you understand, but nice. If he'd been just a shade handsomer some one would have turned him into a prize-fighter or a movie star. Add to that about six feet two of height and shoulders you'd find yourself gazing after in a crowd. A neat number is what I mean—and Ed, the dumb ape, had to drag him in just then!

"This is my friend Kent Stringer," said Ed, beaming.

I gave Ed one poisonous glance and tried to make the best of the situation.

"How do you do?" I said politely. "Won't you—er—sit down? We have crates of all sizes. Also, that funny-looking bundle over there is sofa cushions."

"I see you're moving," said Mr. Stringer.

RECORD

ILLUSTRATION BY
FRANK SWAIN

ELLEN SMITH

A Love Story Full of
Laughs — of a Madcap
Girl, a Fire Alarm, and
the Heart of a Helpless
Young Man



"Dear me, no," I said. "We do this to the furniture every spring—the way some people put on dust covers."

He looked at me perfectly serious and said, "But don't you find it a lot of trouble—uncrating things in the fall?"

"It's good exercise," I said; but I knew right then that some one had to take this man in hand.

With that, mother caroled blithely from the bathroom to ask if I'd accidentally packed her fresh pair of step-ins, and I had to crawl out from among the domestic debris to go and find the step-ins and tell her we had company.

I had a queer feeling while I was rubbing a little of the dirt off my face and putting some powder on my nose. You know how you sometimes know when people are talking about you, and even just about what they're saying? I was certain Ed, who'd been trying to marry me, more or less out of pity, for six months or more, was telling the sad tale of how father was a promoter who'd run out of things to promote because of the depression, and even this apartment was too expensive and we were on our way down to a semibasement near Washington Square. I don't know whether I actually *heard* Ed say, "It's a very sad case," through the crack in the bedroom door or not. Anyhow I knew he was saying it. So in one way I wasn't very much surprised when I emerged and this

There was certainly
no need for a fire-
man to carry me out.

Mr. Stringer said, "Ed tells me you're a stenographer, Miss Allen."

It happens that we had a perfectly sweet young instructor in one of the business courses in college, and I once took a bit of stenography and typing with him, with a vague idea that it would be fun to keep a diary no one but myself could read. I said so—leaving out the part about the instructor and the diary—and got the surprise of my life.

"Would you—er—consider taking a position?" Ed's boy friend inquired.

"I beg your pardon?" I gasped.

Mr. Stringer got a little red in the face. "I hoped you wouldn't be—offended—" he began, when Ed cut in practically with:

"In other words, darling, the poor boob is trying to offer you a job."

I reeled over and collapsed on the bundle of sofa cushions. "Please say that word again," I begged.

"He's offering you a job," Ed said patiently.

"A j-o-b."

"Forgive me," I said. "I was under the impression that the only job extant was in a glass case in the Smithsonian Institution. I'll be better in a minute."

For a while I thought I'd finished everything. Mr. Stringer looked as if he didn't know whether to telephone the psychopathic ward at Bellevue or not. Then he took a deep breath and began to explain.

He told us all about business cycles, dwelt lovingly on the slump of 1920-21, and expatiated on the panic of '93. When he got to going strong on the economic upset that followed the Civil War, I took time out for thought. If he actually *had* a job to offer, I wanted it. And I knew I'd better subdue my natural tendency to treat the whole thing as a good joke. While I murmured, "Oh, really?" and "Didn't they use some kind of scrip or something?" and "I suppose all panics are psychological," I was spending my first week's pay. I was torn between a new orchid negligee for mother, and roast duck and ice cream, which she loves but shouldn't eat—especially together. Then he sort of paused, and I realized he'd finished the Civil War and was back in the present.

It seemed that the point of all the preliminary remarks was that Mr. Stringer believed the psychological moment to start making a fortune was just when a good many people had finished losing them, and that he'd come to New York from Michigan with the bright idea of being right down on the shore with his fishing tackle when the tide turned. He'd got himself an office, a typewriter, a couple of desks, and some chairs, and all he needed was a secretary to be all set. If he had his way, I would be it. He added that he was ashamed to tell me what he could pay, but if I'd consider beginning for thirty dollars a week, he'd increase the amount as soon as things got to going well.

THAT thirty dollars looked as big to me as three hundred used to, but I didn't feel right about taking it.

"In the first place," I said, "I've been around a bit, and I've heard father talk, and I know business isn't exactly what it used to be. Even if it *were* what it used to be, I'm afraid I wouldn't be the ideal secretary. I've never worked in an office. I'm not a very graceful liar. I haven't any ambition to be somebody's meek little echo."

"Then," he said sadly, "you wouldn't even consider—"

"Of course she would," Ed said. "You told me yourself you were deathly afraid of smart New York business women. She's just trying to tell you she isn't that type."

While I was trying to think of an appropriate remark to make to Ed, Mr. Stringer got off the top of a barrel of dishes and came over and shook hands.

"Shall I expect you Monday morning at nine sharp?" he asked.

"Nine sharp," I echoed in a daze.

It wasn't until he and Ed had closed the door that I began to come to and realize that I'd gone and got myself a job, and it wasn't until mother called from the bathtub

to know if the company had gone and could she stop soaking and begin to splash that I realized I didn't even know where he'd be expecting me at nine sharp or to what great branch of industry I was about to contribute my invaluable services.

Of course Ed knew all about it, so Monday morning found me drifting merrily along in the stream of wage earners as if I'd been one all my life. I hadn't had a very restful week end. I'd been unpacking all the stuff—unpacking it in the same old place, because the news of my job had done wonders for the landlord's disposition and we weren't moving to the semibasement after all. But I felt as happy as a little bird on a limb as I walked along lower Broadway in the pinkish morning sunlight. Here was I—the great white hope of the Allen family—about to repay all the time and trouble and money that had gone into feeding and clothing and more or less educating me. Father and mother could sit back and twiddle their thumbs. I would take care of them. It was a grand feeling.



FAITH ELLEN SMITH

after a try at teaching became a manuscript reader on a national magazine. Two other magazine jobs followed before she began to write. At present she lives in a New York hotel and dreams of life in the country, but feels, she says, she is eventually fated to live in the country and dream of life in New York.

ED had given me explicit directions about finding the place, but I haven't a very good bump of locality, and though I thought I did just what he told me to, for the next half-hour I dashed madly from one street into another, none of which I'd ever seen before and none of which was the one I was looking for. When I finally stopped to get my breath, I looked at my watch and found to my horror that it was nine twenty—and I had no more idea of where I was than if I'd been dropped down in the middle of Canton, China.

I did what I ought to have done in the first place then. I smiled at a good-looking young policeman who was sort of strolling along the street, and when he came up and I told him I had a job and couldn't find it, he said if I'd wait until he called up the station house and reported off duty, he'd come with me. It took him five minutes to talk through one of those little boxes on a post, and I was in a do-dah, thinking how it was getting nearer ten by the minute. Luckily, however, we were just around the corner from the number Ed had written out for me, and at nine thirty-five exactly up I marched, chaperoned by the Law, to find my boss standing in the window watching for me.

I know that sounds funny, when you're talking about New York City, but so was the office. Sort of a one-room shack in the front of a lumber yard was the place I had promised to grace with my presence. It had two big windows, and in one of them stood my beautiful Mr. Stringer, looking mad enough to chew tenpenny nails.

"Sure it looks like you're in for it," said my escort sympathetically. Then he glanced at the inscription on the door and added, "Sure I guess he's in for it himself if he expects to sell lumber in a year like this."

"You've been very kind, officer," I began to murmur, but then I saw my employer looking at his watch, so I just blurted out, "Thanks a million," and dashed in with my head high and the cheering reflection that my Pilgrim ancestors faced the tomahawks of wild Indians without a murmur and that I had on my best last year's spring hat.

"This," said Mr. Stringer to me, "is not nine o'clock."

"This," said I to Mr. Stringer, "is not a nice place to have an office. I've walked miles—most of it through fish markets, where I couldn't have drawn a breath even if I'd stopped to try."

"You should have got off the subway at Brooklyn Bridge," said Mr. Stringer.

"I did," said I.

"Then you walk one block—" He told me all that Ed had told me all over again. "I would suggest," he remarked icily, "that you give yourself an extra fifteen minutes to find the place until you learn the way. Business is not an afternoon tea party, Miss Allen. Punctuality is important."

"Really?" I said. I've never wanted to say more in my life, but I remembered the family fortunes and remained a lady.

I'd hardly got my coat and hat off before he barked, "Take a letter, please."

Nothing I'd ever practiced on prepared me for that letter. It was full of choice bits like band-sawed ash and pecky cypress and gum dog boards, whatever they may be—and it was two pages long. Probably if I hadn't been so mad I'd have curled up and died. As it was, I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of knowing that it fazed me. I won't say that the finished product was a thing of beauty, but at least it was fairly legible. While I was pondering it out, the boss asked me, "What's your first name?"

"I can't imagine its being any concern of yours," I said.

"It wouldn't be," he said, "if I wasn't trying to write you a salary check."

"Oh!" I said, feeling a little foolish. "It's Desdemona."

"What terrible things people inflict on helpless infants," he mused—and that was all until he announced, "I'm going out and try to get some orders. Please lock the door and take the key when you go to lunch—and try to be back inside the hour in case some one comes in or telephones. I shan't be back until closing time."

WOULD you believe the week went just like that? Any customers coming in—if there'd been any coming in—would have seen a modern edition of Apollo slaving at one desk and a girl that's frequently been told she has eyes like purple pansies and hair like a raven's wing and nose, mouth, etc., in keeping with the ensemble, slaving at the other—sort of in a state of armed neutrality. I began to think the beautiful Mr. Stringer must be one of those electrical robots they build in laboratories. I mean—well, really!

Of course I discovered the explanation almost at once. Mr. Stringer wasn't exactly poor. He had a few hundred thousand dollars that had been left him by his mother, and in time he'd have more from a rich uncle. But he'd been brought up with the idea that it was a disgrace not

to work and make money, and if he couldn't make any money he at least intended to work—if he killed himself and everybody else doing it.

We weren't on sufficiently friendly terms for him to tell me much about himself, but I knew about him from his letters and from Ed. He lived in a small hotel, and after calling on people trying to sell lumber all day, he spent most of the night thinking up sales letters for me to write the next day. The weather was getting warmer. There was a great big beautiful world—oh, of course it held Hitler and the Russians and the depression, but it was a pretty good old world just the same—all around him, and all he could think of was lumber. It was little short of tragic!

The worst of it was, he expected me to do likewise. He even gave me a book to read at home, nights. He seemed to think that Desdemona Allen could be transformed into one of those admirable girls you see in people's offices, getting a little more conscientious and a little drabber every time you see them, until they pass out and the office clubs together and sends a floral piece and then proceeds to forget all about them. Well, he and the depression had me down but they didn't have me quite out. Besides, I still had that noble idea that somebody ought to take this man in hand before it was too late.

But try to do it!

"Do you like to dance, Mr. Stringer?" I said to him in the middle of the second week. I'd been on time two mornings in succession, and from the cheerful way he'd said good morning I thought he'd begun to regard me as something distantly related to the human race.

"I fail to see how dancing has anything to do with the lumber business," said he. "By the way, Rothstein half-promised me an order today. If the telephone rings when I'm out you'll be sure to answer it?"

"I'll probably just sit and look at it," I told him. "We hain't never had none of them newfangled contraptions daown on the farm."

He glared at me—and of course that was the instant

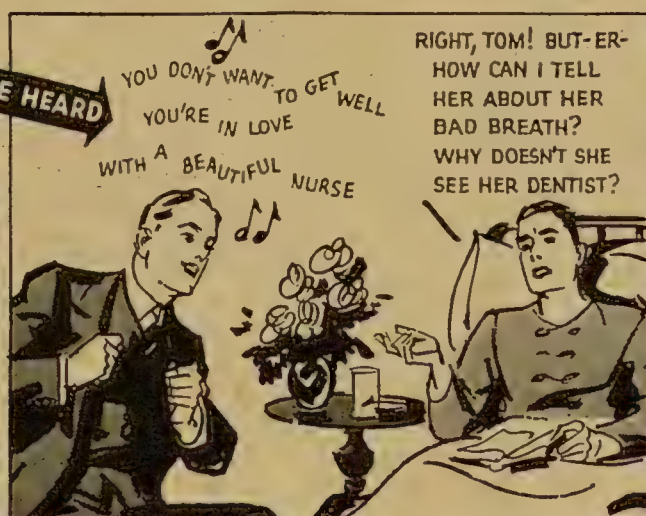
LUCY WINS A LIFETIME "CASE"



OH! OH! FALLING FOR YOUR HANDSOME PATIENT, LUCY?



THEN SHE HEARD



RIGHT, TOM! BUT-ER-HOW CAN I TELL HER ABOUT HER BAD BREATH? WHY DOESN'T SHE SEE HER DENTIST?



SO LUCY VISITS THE DENTIST - YOU MEAN THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH?

EXACTLY! ODOR BREEDING FOOD DEPOSITS COLLECT BETWEEN THE TEETH UNLESS YOU USE PROPER CLEANING METHODS. PERSONALLY, I USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE OF ITS PENETRATING FOAM.



A WEEK LATER

HOME TOMORROW! BUT I'M GLAD I WAS SICK, LUCY.. BECAUSE IT GOT ME YOU.

I PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU FOREVER, DARLING

AND ALWAYS TO USE COLGATE'S



Most Bad Breath begins with the Teeth!

WHY risk bad breath? Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its penetrating foam removes the decaying food deposits in crevices between your teeth—the source of most bad breath. See, too, how much cleaner, brighter Colgate's makes your teeth!

If you are not entirely satis-

fied after using one tube, send empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

PREFER POWDER? Colgate Dental Powder gives the same results, at the same low prices, carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.



20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
twice as much,
35¢

our brand-new telephone chose to begin ringing like mad.

"Hello," he said sweetly. Then his face went sort of blank. "It's for you, Miss Allen."

I said "Thank you" very politely and spent the next five minutes trying to get out of going to the Westchester Club's Spring Frolic with Ted Cummins. When I'd run out of alibis and weakly yielded, my boss murmured, "I thought that you liked to dance?"

"I do," I said.

"Then why all the conversation?"

"I wanted another escort."

"Too bad nobody turned up."

"This one just happened to turn up first."

"Oh," he said. "Is the reserve list long?"

"Colossal," I said, and returned to my labors.

He didn't look as if he exactly believed me, but by noon he probably did.

The date for the Frolic had just been announced and the crowd had just somehow discovered where I spent my days. Pete and George and Howard and, of course, Ed, all called up—and there wasn't one of them I wouldn't have preferred to poor Ted, who's a living refutation of the saying that all fat men are good dancers. And the one man above all others that I'd have chosen to drift around the clubhouse floor with dived hopefully for that darned telephone every time it rang and just short of burst into tears when a new voice piped up asking for Desdemona Allen instead of a pecky cypress or a gum dog board. By twelve o'clock the tension was pretty strained.

Mr. Stringer had an appointment for lunch with the vice-president of a firm that makes caskets.

"I hate to go before I hear from Rothstein," he said. "If you *could* be back a little early—"

I don't believe in spoiling bosses, so I remarked that not being an Eskimo I'd never learned to eat raw fish, and that was the only thing very near at hand; but after he'd cast a final reproachful glance at the telephone and gone, I dashed out and bribed a comparatively clean little

street Arab to go down to the corner cigar store and bring me two chocolate bars, and I sat down in front of the telephone, determined to answer it the instant it rang if not before. And, of course, there wasn't a peep out of it for the rest of the day!

Mr. Stringer didn't come back until almost five. I saw him coming from the window, and you could tell from the way he walked what kind of a day he'd had. He was so

deep in his own troubles he went right past and had to turn around and come back.

I forgot my pangs of hunger in a generous desire to cheer him up. "Hello," I said, as he sort of oozed through the door. "Did you order one?"

"One what?" he asked absently.

"A casket?"

He grinned, but it was a pained grin, not a humorous one.

"I did not. And I didn't sell any lumber to make one, either. I don't suppose Rothstein called?"

"Not while I was here," I said truthfully.

He threw his hat at a hook on the wall and flopped down in one of our visitors' chairs and put his face in his hands.

"I can't understand it," he said. "If ever a man worked—if ever a man tried—"

It twisted around and sat on my hands, but I knew if he kept on like that it would be no use. There's just one thing I know to do to little boys when they cry, and big as he was he was feeling like a little boy and acting like one, and the first thing I knew I'd have that lovely red head on my shoulder. I had to stop him some way.

"Work hard!"

I giped at him. "Goodness me, yes. You work so hard the people you try to sell lumber to probably get too exhausted to talk, just looking at you. Don't you ever think of anything but work? Haven't you ever learned anything about living?"

"W-what?" he gasped.

I didn't have any very clear idea of what I was going to say next, but I saw I was shocking him out of his coma, so I burred along:

The WORLD of TOMORROW

The Man Who Could Not Die!

by RAY CUMMINGS

A FRIEND of yours who is a very famous surgeon takes you to meet the man who cannot die. That's what the newscasters always call him. He has given himself wholly to surgical science, and undoubtedly he will live to become the oldest person in the world.

The man is known simply as Robert. He is forty-five years old; a bachelor and an orphan.

The surgeon takes you to the General Municipal Hospital. In the visitors' reception laboratory you and your clothes are sterilized; and the lift raises you to floor seventy.

Robert shakes your hand cordially, and you sit down to chat with him. You thought there would be something weird about him, but there isn't. He's a very average-looking fellow, smooth shaven, with a shock of wavy brown hair a little gray at the temples.

But the heart that pumps his blood now is not the one with which he was born. He had just "died" of an incurable disease of his own heart when they took it out and gave him another. It was shortly after that operation when he entered upon the legal contract binding himself to the scientists for three hundred years.

And they are sure that they can keep him alive fully that long.

Your surgeon friend is saying enthusiastically:



"That heart we've got in him now is a beauty. It came from a young athlete—fellow got permanently killed—horrible air-car accident—smashed his head fearfully. But we got the heart absolutely uninjured—kept it alive for Robert. It's going to last him at least fifty years more."

You can't seem to find anything to say to that. Robert says gently:

"They're planning to give me a more powerful stomach, but my own works pretty well. I don't think a change is necessary yet."

The interview presently is over. And as you look back on it now one very singular thing stands paramount in your memory: that queer gentleness of the man who cannot die. And suddenly you realize that what comes after death is nothing that we should fear. Whatever the Creator has destined for each of us, certainly that is best.

As you read this, maybe you are saying to yourself:

"That's wild. He means a thousand years from now. Or else people on another planet."

But I mean us; and it's prognosticated right now. Only a few weeks ago Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh and Dr. Alexis Carrel, the 1912 Nobel prize winner in medicine, announced the keeping alive and growing outside the body of whole vital organs—the most important step toward physical immortality.

"You take my dad. He's a darn good salesman when there's anything to sell. And to see him work you'd think making a sale was the farthest thing in the world from his mind. He always says he's done some of his best days' work at the golf course."

My handsome employer bounced out of his chair and threw back his shoulders.

"Miss—er—Desdemona, I believe you're right!" he said. "I believe I've been going at this thing the wrong way. Anyway there's no reason for me to take it out on you. And anyway there doesn't seem to be any business to get, no matter how hard I try to get it. Suppose we both begin to take things a little easier. You don't need to come in until noon tomorrow—you don't need to come in at all tomorrow if you don't want to." He went over and picked up his hat from the floor. "Yes, you can stay home tomorrow and—and rest up for that confounded party that every unattached male in New York seems to be trying to take you to."

There was a wildish gleam in his eye that made me feel uncomfortable.

"Wh-what are you going to do?" I asked faintly.

"I," he said grimly, "intend to go home and drown my troubles in drink. As a matter of fact, my dear Miss—er—my dear Desdemona, I expect for the first time in an otherwise respectable life to become thoroughly pie-eyed, plastered, soused, blotto, or whatever expression may be current at the moment to denote a state of blessed forgetfulness. Good night."

I'VE had men leave me in a rage and in tears and with the threat that they would End It All, but that exit was the first one that ever really had me floored. If Mr. Stringer took to drink as wholeheartedly as he had taken to lumber, it would be terrible, and I would be more or less responsible. I actually found tears seeping out of my eyes—which might not have been the case had I eaten something more substantial than two chocolate bars for lunch. I thought about how hard poor Mr. Stringer had worked. He was probably the noblest character I had ever met—and I'd started him on the downward path! You never can tell about these serious quiet people. Sometimes when they really get started they surprise you.

I was skating mournfully over fish scales on my way to the subway when I saw my nice young policeman approaching. I gave him a wan smile and he stopped and asked how was everything. Before I knew it I was practically weeping on his shoulder and telling him the whole story.

He was terribly sympathetic. "So if you don't get some business pretty soon I suppose you'll be after losin' your job," he said.

"I hadn't thought of that," I said.

"You hadn't thought of it?" He looked at me for a minute, then he grinned. "So that's the way it is, eh? Well, all I can think of is you've

got to sell yourself some lumber."

"As easy as that?" I said.

"Sure," said he. "But don't ask me how you'll be doin' it."

"You're such a help," I told him. But I thought over what he'd said all the way home. And as soon as I'd had some dinner I sat down and called up practically everybody I knew and asked them if they knew anybody that was building anything. George Wright was the only one who gave me a ray of hope. He said he had an uncle who was building a hen house. But when it turned out that the hen house and the uncle were both up in Maine, I knew he wasn't of the slightest use to me. I finally hung up and

went to bed feeling as bad as poor Mr. Stringer had felt, and although I stayed awake for all of an hour, I couldn't seem to think of anything else to do.

The next morning I woke up feeling completely sunk. It was a nice bright spring day and father was on the verge of promoting some kind of a gadget to go on an airplane, and the Allen family, with the single exception of Desdemona, were bright and smiling. But I remained encased in gloom until I arrived, promptly at nine o'clock, at the office and heard the telephone jangling away behind the locked door.

I got my key in the lock somehow



you need

VITALIS

and the

"60-Second Workout"

YOU'RE one man in a million if your hair *doesn't* need help. Every head of hair needs attention and care! And that's why Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" wins its way—pays its way—from the first workout. It gives you healthy and handsome hair because it "wakes up" your scalp—speeds up the circulation around the hair roots—stimulates hair-health at its source.

Tight, dry scalps relax and loosen under the "60-Second Workout." Vitalis with massage quickens the circulation and restores the flow of the natural, nourishing oils. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair takes on new vitality.



It looks healthy because it *is* healthy. It stays in place. It has a good-looking lustre to it—but *not* a "patent-leather" shine.

Use the "60-Second Workout" freely, whenever you like. In addition, here's a good hunch: Use Vitalis and a quick, vigorous massage *before* your shampoo—as well as afterward—and you'll have a head of hair that can't be topped for perfect cleanliness, good looks and good health.

ASK YOUR BARBER —

He's an expert on scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

or other and dashed across the room and said hello.

"This is the cop on the corner," said a voice.

"This is Queen Mary of England," I snapped back. "And I'm busy."

"But this is the cop on the corner," he protested. "I can't leave my beat, but I've got something to tell you. Could you run down to Clancy's cigar store?"

It thereupon dawned upon me that it *was* the cop on the corner. "I'll be there," I chortled, and off I went.

That's exactly how it came about that Mr. Stringer came past Clancy's cigar store on his way to the office, and saw me so deep in conversation that I didn't even observe his passing. I was *not* trying to break the good-looking young policeman's heart. I had *not* been flirting with him ever since my first day as a wage slave. I wasn't even thinking about him at all, except in an entirely impersonal way. My head, so to say, was full of lumber.

WHEN I got back Mr. Stringer was sitting at his desk scowling at the morning paper.

"Have you tried tomato juice?" I asked him.

"What?"

"Tomato juice. I admit there are several schools of thought. George Wright swears by milk. Daddy always insists on a hair of the dog that bit—"

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" he said. He got up and threw the paper across the office and went over and got his hat. "I have *not* a hangover!" he said as he closed the door behind him.

I used my morning constructively. We had hot water piped into our little washroom from some mysterious source. I gave my face a hot compress and followed it with a cream massage. When Mr. Stringer came back, about two, I was looking my best—and in my hat and coat, all ready to depart for the rest of the day.

"Haven't you had lunch?" he asked me.

"Oh, yes," I said. "I've had lunch. But you may remember you said I needn't come in today. I came in, and now I'm going out again. I'm going to Coney Island."

I saw suspicion and rage flame up in his eyes.

"Desdemona Allen!" he thundered. "*Who are you going to Coney Island with?*"

I made the mistake of trying to be funny.

"Prepositions, such as with, by, from, to, et cetera, govern the accusative case," I said.

"I don't give a damn what they govern," said Mr. Stringer, with his face as red as his hair. "Isn't it enough to have poor old Ed and all the other men in your own crowd jumping through hoops for you without going out after the city police force too? And maybe you think I don't know you've been flirting with that good-looking young Irishman from the first day you came here. Maybe you think I—"

"I think you're insulting," I said with great dignity.

"Oh, I am, am I?" said Mr. Stringer. "Well, I haven't begun to be as insulting as I'm going to be." Thereupon he marched toward me and, before I could gather my wits, picked me up and carried me across the room and deposited me in our small washroom. And while I was still in a state of speechless rage, I heard the door close behind me and the key turn in the outside of the lock. Thereafter, in less time than it takes to tell it, I heard Mr. Stringer walk across the office floor, open and close the front door.

On calm afterthought, I know that I should not have done what I did. Just as Mr. Stringer, on calm afterthought, knew that he should not have done what he did. But have you ever found yourself locked in a washroom, with your hat and coat on and your face all made up to keep an important date? I thought not. It's not a thing that happens to many people, and when it does, it sort of puts you on your mettle to do or die. At least that's what it did to me. The very fact that my aims were lofty and unselfish ones made me all the madder. If I'd had anything to do it with I'd have broken down the door.

I didn't have. But there was a small window, deeply incrustated with grime, high up in the wall, and by good luck the window was almost directly over the washbasin. If I climbed up on the basin I might fall off and break my neck. On the other hand, I might reach and open the

window. I decided it was worth a try, and up I went.

Have you ever tried standing on the rim of a small washbasin in high-heeled pumps, trying to open a window that won't open? I did, for about two seconds. Then I perched like a stork on one foot, took the pump off the other one, and hammered the heel of it through the glass, yelling at the top of my lungs as I did so.

And here again I want to make it perfectly clear that I did not, as it has been erroneously reported, shriek either "Help!" or "Police!" or "Fire!" I only gave one of those wordless but powerful yips that they pay real money for in radio programs—and if somebody passing by lost his head and summoned every city department he could think of, that was not my fault.

Also, the newspapers were not accurate. There was only one of those long trucks loaded with ladders and one vehicle carrying hose—not two or, as the tabloids said, three. And there were only four policemen. I should know. It was me—I mean I—they rescued.

It was a shame about the door—but since Mr. Stringer had locked it, how could they get into the office without breaking it down?

As to the hole that some enthusiast chopped in the roof—well, if there had been a fire under it that would probably have been the quickest way of getting at it to put it out.

But there was certainly no need for a husky fireman to carry me out of the washroom, and it was unfortunate that the photographers all took our pictures while he was doing it. My feet, being the nearest part of me to the lens, appear bigger than the fire truck, and in the general melee I'd got my hat over my left eye, which caused me to look slightly tipsy. All in all, it wasn't as successful a rescue as I would have chosen. But, poor thing that it was, it served its purpose.

It might not have done so if my friend Officer Riley, looking quite spiffy in his off-duty citizen's clothes, hadn't popped up in the thick of it to see what was keeping me. I was trying to tell a crowd of reporters, policemen, firemen, and innocent bystanders that I'd gone in that inner room to wash my hands and the key had turned of itself while I was in there, when I saw him elbowing his way through the mob. "Get me out of here," I whispered when he got within hailing distance—and somehow he did.

ABOUT ten o'clock that night I returned home from Coney Island, even more sunk than I had been when I started out in the morning.

Mr. Riley took me as far as the apartment-house door. His last words were, "If he ain't got sense enough to be grateful, I'll mop up the gutter with 'im."

I opened the door with my key and went down the hall, too tired and generally low in my mind even to stick my head in the kitchen, where I could hear mother rattling dishes and saying to father, "She'll be home when she gets home, and not before. By refusing to worry about her, I have preserved some vestiges of my youthful beauty."

I crept along to the living-room door and opened it. And there, slumped over in father's favorite chair, sat Mr. Stringer!

He jumped up when he saw me, and I just sort of wriggled halfway through the door and stood there, waiting for the lightning to strike.

"Desdemona!" my handsome associate almost wept. "Are you all right?"

Was I all right? When the office was a wreck, and that hideous picture had been in all the papers we'd bought on the way home, and all the reporters were hinting perfectly awful things about a man whose secretary was forced to escape from a locked washroom in a locked office with the aid of the police and the fire department! I was so touched I could have burst into tears myself. But I summoned my faculties and began to talk. "I've got a—" I said.

"Desdemona darling, listen. I was coming back. It was a stupid, cruel, unpardonable thing to do, but you had me frantic. Desdemona, you—"

"I've got an—" I said.

"—had me jealous. Just plain green jealous! And I

thought I was above that sort of thing! First, all that mob of men calling you up, and then seeing you talking to the cop. Of course I knew, as soon as I cooled off, you were just fooling about Coney Island. Where have you been, darling? I've—"

"I've been to Coney Island," I said.

"You've been to—"

"Coney Island," I repeated. "And I've got an—"

"Well, why shouldn't you go to Coney Island? Very nice people go to Coney Island. It was just—"

"What's a gum dog board?" I shouted.

"I don't know. Listen, darling. I've called every hospital in the city. Were you hurt? Is there anything I can get you? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"You can tell me what a gum dog board is," I said.

"What a—I tell you I don't know. Sounds as if it might be something to put your feet on. Why do you want to know?"

"Because I didn't sell any," I said. "And I particularly wanted to sell a gum dog board. But Mr. Riley's uncle didn't seem to think he needed any. He wants a lot of other stuff. I've got it all down somewhere—"

I began to rummage in my purse.

"Desdemona," demanded my employer, with a glint of returning sanity in his eyes, "what on earth are you talking about?"

I managed to make him listen then.

"I've got an order," I said, "for a whole slew of new shops that Mr. Riley's uncle is going to build at Coney Island."

Really, there isn't much of anything else that needs to be put down. The point is—Kent says he was madly in love with me from the instant that he walked into the front room with Ed and offered me a job. Does it look like it, I ask you?

Anyway, if it ever comes up after we're married, here's the record.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—A second son, his destiny was pre-ordained following the death of his older brother. Can you identify him from this early photo?



2—Which foods are considered to form the most acid?

3—Is zingaresca a musical term, an Italian wine, or a Turkish floor covering?

4—What famed French novelist and humorist wrote while enduring almost continuous agony?

5—In phoning Queens 6-8417 from New York, would you dial QU 6-8417 or QUE 6-8417?

6—What football star scored 198 points in one season?

7—Why does the word "maru" appear in the name of all Japanese merchant ships, but is not applied to ships of the Japanese navy?

8—Is it preferable to say "two pairs of pants" or "two pair of pants"?
9—Who wrote the Shakespearean



play, Henry VI?

10—What was the Festival of Pomona?

11—How can a buffalo be distinguished from a bison?

12—What is the highest point in Ontario?

13—Did the United States Supreme Court ever employ a jury?

14—Who is reported to have established a \$20,000 trust fund for the burial of his wife and self on the moon?

15—What is the cost of tuition at the Naval Academy at Annapolis?

16—Who wrote "Love lieth deep; Love dwells not in lip-depths"?

17—The historical term "chimney money" means what?

18—Are rugs or is electricity the cause of more fatal accidents in the home?

19—How many horses are there in motorized New York?

20—Who pays for lighting the Statue of Liberty?



(Answers will be found on page 46)



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WHY FOOTBALL COACHES GET GRAY HAIR

READING TIME
9 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

THIS is the time of year when the dear dumb alumni of several hundred colleges and universities load their vocabularies to the muzzle with profane and sulphuric verbiage and declare open season on the football coach at the institution by which they were graduated but not necessarily educated.

The coach of a losing team always is an easy target, for unlike a rabbit he cannot find sanctuary in a warren, brush heap, or draintile. When a coach wins he always has grand material. If he loses it's his own fault. It's not cricket to blame the players, for they are just youngsters giving their all for dear old alma mater.

Football, I believe, is the most difficult of all our national games to teach and play. It's a game in which individualism must be subordinated to co-ordination and co-operation, and one player out of position or shirking an assignment can ruin a full season's work by a clever and industrious coach. The coach can conceive and teach plays, but he cannot execute them on the field. Something the alumni quickly forget when their favorite eleven has been beaten.

I maintain that frequently a coach is no more to blame for his team's defeat than the gent who sells programs at Gate 13. In proof are offered just a few of the actual occurrences on the gridiron over which the coaches had no control but which put more than a few gray hairs under numerous hats.

The Haskell Indians' football team was playing the Baylor College Bears in Dallas. The Roaming Redmen, gathered from a dozen tribal reservations, were exceedingly childlike in most things, but when Dick Hanley, former coach at Northwestern, was coaching them they were the match for any paleface eleven in the country.

Well, this day Haskell had managed to score three touchdowns on the Texas eleven before the fourth quarter.

The end was standing still, waving to his girl in the stands.



Then the hum of an airplane engine was heard. Hanley did not trouble to look up. He had seen airplanes before. But not the Indians. Here and there on the field an Indian turned a quizzical eye toward the sky.

A few hundred feet above the gridiron, the plane dropped a flood of handbills. Some floated into the stands, but more tumbled down on the playing field. No sooner had the first dodgers touched the grass than the entire Indian team set out in pursuit. Football was forgotten in the mad rush to learn of these strange pieces of paper from the sky. The bills happened to be advertising a banquet to be staged that night in honor of the two teams. When the Redmen discovered they were to get a big feed their joy knew no bounds and an impromptu harvest dance was staged.

BAYLOR players in the meantime took no interest in the drifting handbills. One of them tucked the football under his arm and went sailing off for a touchdown. Officials finally rounded up the Indians for a kickoff, but still their interest was not in football and Baylor quickly scored again. By this time Hanley managed to get one of his four substitutes into the game with orders that unless the Indians started playing some football he, Hanley, would personally stage a scalping party which would completely atone for Custer's massacre. Haskell rallied sufficiently to hold its one-touchdown lead, but Dick Hanley had some new silver in his hair when the game ended.

Princeton was playing Yale in Fritz Crisler's first year as head coach of the Tigers. The first half was scoreless, and during the rest period Crisler pointed out to his quarterback that Yale's box defense might be vulnerable to a Princeton forward-pass play labeled in the Tiger attack as No. 86.

"If you get the spot, try that play," was Crisler's last order as the Tigers went back on the field.

Yale scored and added the point in the third period, while Princeton kept slogging along, playing a stubborn defensive game but making little headway at scoring. And at no time did No. 86 make its appearance.

At the start of the fourth quarter Crisler called a substitute off the bench. "You're going in to give information," he snapped. "After the first play, tell the quarterback to use forward pass Number Eighty-six. Have you got that?"

"I have it!" exclaimed the sub, and raced on to the field.

Minutes ticked off, but alas, the messenger, so thrilled by his chance to get in the Yale game, had completely forgotten orders.

Crisler yanked another sub off the bench. "Now listen and get this," fairly snarled the Tiger coach. "One man went in and one man is coming out for failure to obey orders. Report to the officials, and after one play tell the quarterback I want him to use forward pass Number Eighty-six!"

Yale players were in a huddle, with the umpire standing close by to hear their conversation, when the substitute approached and excitedly called:

"Mr. Umpire, I'm coming in for Joe So and So. One man came in and one man is going out for failure to obey orders. After one play I am to tell the quarterback to



Football was forgotten in the rush to learn of these strange pieces of paper from the sky.

use forward-pass play Number Eighty-six, and for *God's* sake, Mr. Umpire, don't let me forget to tell him."

Wait a minute! Here's the real joke: Princeton successfully used forward pass No. 86 three times during the remaining seven minutes, finally for the touchdown which tied the score.

Lou Little, the Columbia coach, found himself envying even Job of the Boils when his Lions played Stanford in the Tournament of Roses game in Pasadena.

Columbia was the underdog in the game. But Little had his team in a fine fighting mood when the game began, and led by the daring and brilliant Cliff Montgomery, Columbia slapped over a touchdown in the second period.

Thereafter it was Columbia's task to defend that lead and take no chances which might furnish Stanford with a scoring opportunity. Time after time they hurled back the mighty Cardinals, led by the sensational Bobby Grayson. But during the third period Little and his aides began to relax slightly from the nerve tension which had engulfed them from the opening kickoff and some substitutes were sent in to play.

Still there was danger. In the final quarter Stanford launched another tremendous assault. Nearer and nearer the Columbia goal came the Redmen. Chippendale and Ciampia, the two men backing up the Columbia line, were weakening—weakening fast.

What was Little to do? He could leave Chippendale and Ciampia in the game and trust they had enough reserve strength to halt the Stanford drive. Or he could take time out at the cost of five yards and a first down for Stanford and get his regulars back into the game.

He made his decision. Four Columbia men arose, shook off their sodden blankets, and charged across the field. The players reported to the umpire. The referee picked up the ball and paced five mile-long yards toward the Columbia goal. Stanford first down on Columbia's fifteen. The Stanford backs hurled themselves against the Lions again and again, but Columbia would not give ground and the game was saved. But imagine Little's position had his daring failed and the five yards he voluntarily gave away led to a Stanford touchdown! Then would the alumni have pounded the anvils along the full stretch of Morningside Heights. Oh, there's nothing to coaching a football team.

A couple of years ago Purdue was leading Minnesota

A Poignant Record (with a Moral for Kibitzing Alumni) of Things that Have Turned the Tide of Victory or Defeat

by

FRANCIS J. POWERS

7 to 0 at the half, and Noble Kizer, the Boilermakers' young coach, was well satisfied with the scant advantage. Minnesota was a tough team. So between halves Kizer gave his players a stern lecture on playing safe throughout the last two periods. "Keep possession of the ball and take no chances," were his inviolable orders.

As Purdue lined up to receive the kickoff, Purvis and Carter, the two halfbacks, held a brief conference. "Whichever of us receives the kickoff, the other will drop back and be set to take a lateral pass," they agreed. The pass worked, but you can safely bet the family jewels that Kizer had one of the backs out of there immediately.

"Is that playing safe?" he stormed as the errant back came to the bench. "What in the world were you two fellows thinking of?"

"Why, coach, we used to do that in high school," was the bright explanation the player gave.

Sometimes a player's blunder is so ridiculous as to make even the worried coach laugh. Years ago, when "Pop" Warner was coaching at Pittsburgh, he came up to the Lehigh game with a badly crippled squad. There was nothing for Pop to do but groom some reserves for the game. One of his selections was a senior end who never had been good enough to start a game, even against a set-up opponent. Pittsburgh kicked off, and as it started the charge downfield Warner was astonished to see his sub end standing stock-still, waving to his girl in the stands.

I recall a game in which both coaches were ready for a psychopathic ward when play was completed. It was in 1926, when Michigan came to Columbus to meet its old rival, Ohio State. Benny Friedman was the meteor of the Wolverines, coached by Fielding H. Yost, while Dr. John W. Wilce's Buckeyes were a well balanced powerful unit without any great stars.

OHIO was leading 10 to 0 in the second period when Friedman kicked a forty-eight-yard placement goal. Michigan tied the score a few minutes later when Friedman drilled a pass over the goal line to one of his backs.

With less than a minute to play in the third period, the Wolverines punted deep into Ohio territory. Elmer Marek, playing safety for the Buckeyes, started for the ball and then hesitated as he saw it might carry over the goal line. As he checked himself, the ball took a wild hop and struck him on the hand or arm. That made it a free ball and the spheroid was recovered by a Michigan lineman on the very edge of Ohio's goal line. The teams changed goals, and on the next play Michigan crashed over for a touchdown, to lead 17 to 10.

Late in the fourth period Ohio State, led by Captain Marty Karow, the fullback, began driving and passing with such fury that Michigan was helpless to stop the attack. The Buckeyes scored and then needed only to place-kick the point to tie up one of the wildest games ever played. Karow called time out. Some Ohio players wanted Uridil, a tackle, to try the kick, but others voted for Clark, who had already kicked a field goal and one goal after touchdown. So it was Clark who faced the poised ball as the 93,000 wild spectators actually stood breathless. Clark's foot swung, the ball started for the goal bar and then broke away. Michigan won, 17 to 16, but both Wilce and Yost were too exhausted to care.

Go on, blame the coach, *but* don't blame him too much!

THE END

They Had a Date

THEY were two kids in show business, and in love. He didn't have a job—she did. They were having dinner.

It may have been because he only had the price of his own dinner in his pockets and had to let her pay for her own, although he refused to let her pay for his—or it may have been just one of those nights. Anyhow, he told her he guessed he'd call it quits if he ever got to the point where he took dough from a girl. She said he was deliberately misunderstanding her, and anyhow he needn't be so sullen; that there was no standing him these days; that you'd think he was the only one in the world without a job.

Well, the fight was on. He knew she was right and that he'd been childish, but in his stubbornness he went blindly ahead, trying to hurt her more.

"If you say one thing more, Ed, I'll leave—" Tears welled in her eyes. That hurt him but he recklessly went on: "You'll get over it. Maybe you want to call it quits anyhow."

"Ed!" She rose from the table, white with anger.

"So you are going, eh? Well, if you get over it, see me—next year, same time. I'll be the third lion in front of the library."

She left him at that, but not before she'd fumbled in her bag and thrown a bill on the table.

Next morning, as you might expect, he phoned her, full of contrition and hard names for himself. But she was gone, and no forwarding address. Just disappeared.

Subsequently he got a job. He'd raised himself some carfare and reached Hollywood, and on one break landed a few bits to play in the movies, and then on another break got a spot as an assistant director. Now he was set, he told himself, but his success held no particular relish.

If he only knew where she was! Nine months had gone by. If he'd never said: "See me next year. I'll be the third lion—"

Then an idea hit him, and grew. Maybe she'd got over her mad; maybe she'd remember; and maybe she *would* see him at the library! By hook or crook, he'd be at the library that night. He looked it up—June 1 it would be.

He buckled into his work harder than ever. It made the time go faster. This picture they were casting, it would be finished just in time for him to get a leave and make New York by June 1. Part of his job was casting a chorus. O. K., he told himself, he'd cast this chorus as a show had never been cast before—the best-looking chorines in a town of best-looking chorines.

You might guess the inevitable would happen. The picture ran overtime. The director said flatly, when he asked for leave, that he could take New York or another job, and to make up his mind, snappy.

He tried to tell himself that Claire wouldn't be in New York to keep the date anyhow. But that didn't work. He only cursed himself the more bitterly for having been such a fool in the first place.

He went out to look over a group of extras he had to pick a chorus from.

Then he saw her! His heart leaped. All that he had

Liberty's Short Short

by

WALTER D.
SHACKLETON

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS



lost in the past months welled up in him. She hadn't yet noticed him, this petite brunette—his Claire; Claire of the midnight hair, the brown eyes with unfathomable depth, warm eyes—nice eyes. But her mouth, it was a little drawn. Hell, bet she'd had a tough time! He was stricken with remorse. But suddenly he had an idea.

"You!" he called out. All eyes turned toward him, expectant eyes. He pointed at Claire. He saw her start, a hand go to her breast, the sparkle of gladness come to her eyes. But he stared at her blankly, as if he had never seen her before; and that took courage, when he wanted to shove through the crowd and take her in his arms. He crooked a finger at her. She pushed her way forward.

"Ed!" she murmured.

He looked at her coldly.

"Name?" he asked curtly.

"Why—but, Ed!" Her chin trembled, but she fought her emotion and conquered it. Then she looked at him defiantly, with her chin up. "Claire Dawn—and you know it!" she said.

He filled in her name on a pad of pass slips he had in his hand.

"O. K. Stage five. In the morning at eight."

With her head high, she took the slip and marched away.

No sooner had she left than he dashed into his office and got the boss—his director—on the wire.

"Chief, that extra scene—the dance scene—" He talked fast and furious for some ten minutes. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead from the intensity of his sales talk. "And she's a natural for it, chief—a natural. And that set's in stock—a little fresh paint—the boys could set it up tonight, all set for the morning. What? Say, thanks, chief. Boy, I'll sure have her there—right on the dot!" He went out to finish casting, whistling.

He faced the group of extras he had chosen the next morning. "Dawn!" he called. "Claire Dawn!"

She came through the group.

"If I didn't have to have this—" she began, fire in her eyes.

"Follow me," he curtly interrupted her.

In silence she followed him through doorways, down long hallways, into a barn of a room, cables, cameras, sound booths in place before a huge set.

He conducted her around the multiple apparatus and stopped, facing the set. He heard a gasp over his shoulder. He turned. A great grin spread over his face at the startled look in her eyes, the tears.

"Ed! The library steps—the lions and all! And I thought—yesterday I answered that call—like many others—just to get carfare—to New York—to keep our date!"

He had her in his arms by then.

"I couldn't make it either, honey, so we'll keep it right here, and it'll be in the picture—a Bill Robinson dance up and down the steps. Sold the chief the idea yesterday."

THE END

DEATH AFTER DARK



A Vivid Reminder, Backed by
Ghastly Examples and Grim
Statistics, of the Dangers of
"Driving Too Fast for Our Eyes"

by HAROLD G.
HOFFMAN

GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ONE night not long ago a modern girl in a modern car was booming along a modern highway at the modern speed of fifty miles an hour.

Suddenly out of the darkness there loomed the dim outline of something straight ahead. With no time to stop, the girl cut the wheel hard left to swing around this obstacle. There was a grinding, screeching crash—the wheel jerked from her hands—the car leaped from the road, cleared the ditch, and smashed up against a tree.

The obstacle was a wagonload of hay. The thing that wrecked the car was a hay rake, extending out from the side of the wagon, which the girl didn't see.

The farmer reined in his panicky horses and ran back to see what he could do. Before he found out, another car speeding in the opposite direction struck him in the back and hurled his mangled body thirty feet.

To me, that incident compresses into a nutshell the whole story of the hazard of night driving. Very tersely it covers the three basic factors involved:

1. Overdriving the headlights.
2. Slow perception due to poor illumination.
3. The night-pedestrian hazard.



Governor Hoffman, author of this article, at his desk.

These are primarily responsible for the following:

Although three out of four cars enter their garages at sundown, six out of ten motor victims meet death after dark.

Of 36,000 motor fatalities last year, 20,000 occurred at night—nearly 11,000 between 5 P. M. and 9 P. M.

The death rate for the evening rush hours is more than 100 per cent greater in the winter, when it is dark, than in the summer, when it is light.

Seventy-five million dollars a year is paid by insurance companies for accidents due to poor visibility. This takes no account of cars or of persons not insured.

The total economic waste of nighttime automobile accidents is estimated at nearly one and a half billion dollars, or four times the much advertised fire loss.

Sixty-nine per cent of those killed are pedestrians. The ratio of night fatalities is rapidly mounting out of all proportion to the volume of traffic.

As a nation, we have failed to grasp the fact that as the sun goes down, so must our speed. We are simply driving too fast for our eyes.

Studies by the State of Michigan and by the University of Maryland showed that the average speed of travel on improved highways was 43.3 m. p. h. during the day and 41.5 at night. Ten per cent of the cars checked were doing 60 at night. Consequently, on poorly lighted highways with a low traffic volume, where congestion doesn't prevail but speed does, the night fatality rate is *twenty-*

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six times higher than the day rate!

This is not due to weather conditions. Our experience in New Jersey shows that 74 per cent of the nighttime accidents occurred on clear nights. It is not due to mechanical faults of the cars or the roads; for our records indicate that not more than 5 per cent can be attributed to these.

It is due to the driver: his eyes and his brain.

The fundamental point is that 85 per cent of all our muscular responses are actuated by the optic nerve; hence, the poorer the light, the more sluggish the eye and the slower the response. On top of this, Dr. M. Luckiesh and others have demonstrated that the eyestrain consequent to night driving induces an unbelievable amount of nervous exhaustion and bodily fatigue, which dull both eyes and brain. On any basis, then, you can't possibly be as good a driver in the dark as in daylight. Hence your speed should be moderated.

The layman's immediate reaction is: then give us better headlights. But although we now have headlights immeasurably in advance of the 1925 standard, this progress hasn't solved the problem. Any car can be equipped with lamps that will show clearly 500 feet ahead, but the moment those lamps are lighted on the road a host of complications appear which throw us back to where we started. Uneven topography bounces that brilliant beam over an excessive range; haphazard maintenance permits the lamps to get out of alignment. The upshot is that it is the oncoming driver who is blinded now instead of you—and under those conditions your hazard is just about as great as if you couldn't see.

OLD as this glare problem is, we still don't seem to grasp the fact that the first thing to do is *slow down*. The records are packed with instances in which the dazzled driver does everything else but that. Here is a random report which says that the driver, traveling at about 40 m. p. h., was blinded by two approaching cars and plowed into a truck ahead of him in spite of its two taillights. One dead.

Here is another where the blinded driver runs down four pedestrians, killing three. The report says: "Due to glaring headlights and black asphalt, I did not see pedestrians until I was about five feet from them."

There is no arguing with that statement. We all know that people in dark clothes on a dark road are extremely difficult to see under the best headlights. When that situation is complicated by glare, it is next to hopeless, especially when a blinded driver doesn't take his foot off the gas pedal until it is too late!

In case after case eyewitnesses, police officers, or inspectors testify that the driver made, by swerving, a frantic effort to avoid the accident at the last moment. But invariably his speed was too great.

To be sure, good driving practice

says you should keep your eyes fixed on the right-hand margin of the road when bothersome lights approach you—certainly it is fatal to look right into them. But since this limits the range of your vision, you must also retard your own speed until the glare has passed.

In the dark, the pupil of the eye must expand to a maximum to gather as much light as possible, and when a brilliant beam strikes that wide-open pupil one is painfully dazzled. What most of us forget, however, is that the pupil expands about sixty times slower than it contracts. If it needs one sixteenth of a second to contract under the impact of a brilliant headlight, it will need approximately three and three quarters seconds to expand enough to enable us to see on the dim road after the offending car has passed. Should we be traveling at forty miles an hour, our car would move 220 feet during this partial blindness. And a lot of things can happen in 220 feet!

FOR example, the son of a friend of mine drew up by the roadside a few nights ago to replace a burned-out bulb in one of his headlights, all four wheels off the pavement. Some distance down the road another car was zooming along at a good clip, driving into the beam of a pair of brilliant undimmed lights of an oncoming car. The young man saw the car behind him swerve at least 300 feet away. The next thing he knew, he was in the hospital. That blinded driver, going fifty or sixty miles an hour, left the road and crashed into the stationary car, driving it twenty-five feet into the bushes.

At first blush the fault seems to be with the motorist who forgot what the "meeting beam" was for; but just as much blame rests upon the driver who was equally pigheaded about his speed!

The finest lights often depreciate 60 per cent in six months in their usefulness under the care accorded them by the average driver. And although the requirements of the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety call for a 350-foot beam, the average man is fortunate if he can see 100 feet with his lamps. Even assuming perfect equipment, tests are customarily made with the car motionless, despite the fact that movement complicates the matter. In one test it was shown that while a driver could see a pedestrian 90 feet away in the glow of his stationary car's lights, he could not see him more than 65 feet away when driving at 35 m. p. h. And at 35 m. p. h. you can't stop in less than 110 feet.

The obvious conclusion is that when the weather, the road, headlights, brakes, tires, and driver are all in *perfect condition*, 40 m. p. h. is absolutely the maximum safe speed at night. But 69 per cent of those cars checked on the highway have defective headlights. The plain fact is that the average car today is equipped with thirty-mile-an-hour headlights.

216

EVERY MINUTE

Analyze Liberty's weekly sale of 2,174,000 copies. You will see that this is the equivalent of 216 people paying a nickel for a copy of Liberty every single minute. 216 nickels, every minute of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year! A tremendous and continuous affirmation of Liberty's popularity.

This leads us to conclude that our only real hope is improved street and highway illumination. Yet during the past three years we have seen a nation-wide orgy of public-lighting curtailment. My five years as Motor Vehicles Commissioner of New Jersey taught me that this kind of economy "saves at the spigot and wastes at the bung-hole"!

Not a city in the country is well enough lighted now to justify any reduction in street illumination. For the economic waste of nighttime motor accidents alone is seventeen times greater than our lighting budget.

No citizen feels that it is an economic waste to keep the highways open in winter. And I know that when people appreciate the gravity of the problem they will want them lighted properly, too. In a city in Maine the municipal fathers refused to renew the appropriation for street lighting. The women protested without avail; thereupon, by soliciting subscriptions, holding food sales, entertainments, and dances, they soon raised enough money (and indignation!) to foot the bill and cover their duly elected representatives with confusion.

A WISCONSIN city decided to save \$3,200 a year by turning out the street lights in outlying districts at 11 P. M. On the first night twenty homes were robbed. Next night all the lights were on full blast!

At the present time we are laying out upward of three billion dollars a year for the extension and maintenance of public highways; and, depression or no depression, we now boast of 110,000 miles of improved highways in this country. When you consider that only about 400 miles are lighted—most of them poorly—it hardly seems unreasonable to suggest that we spend a few millions less on roads and more on lights.

In New Jersey we have been studying and experimenting with this subject for years under the able direction of our chief traffic engineer, Arnold H. Vey, and we are convinced that the accident-prevention value of good lighting has been proved beyond debate. Our experience is neither new nor isolated. During the war London's street

accidents jumped 63 per cent in two years when lights were curtailed because of air raids; and when Detroit cut its lighting budget 30 per cent in 1932, street accidents after dark increased 37 per cent. R. E. Simpson's exhaustive survey of the subject in forty-two American cities produces the following facts:

Cities spending over \$1.50 per capita for street lighting have 130 night accidents for each 100 day accidents. At \$1 to \$1.50 per capita, 165 night accidents to 100 day. From 50 cents to \$1 per capita: 205 night to 100 day. Less than 50 cents per capita: 235 night for 100 day.

Very few communities spend over \$1.50 per capita for public illumination—and our economic waste from night motor accidents runs around \$12 per capita.

When you realize that one public hospital in Detroit reported an outlay of \$300,000 in 1931 for night emergency motor cases alone, it ought to be clear that the taxpayer pays for street lighting whether he gets it or not.

In New Jersey, on the illuminated sections of Routes 25 and 26, we have found that lighting at an annual cost of \$1,500 a mile (higher than usual because of conditions) nets us a saving of over \$100,000 a year in accidents prevented.

San Francisco, Hartford, Cleveland, Schenectady, and scores of other cities have cut their night accidents from 40 to 60 per cent in this way. And the experience of nearly fifty scattered communities has been that an average lighting budget increase of 11 per cent—or 9 cents per capita—cut night fatalities 25 per cent. Applying that ratio to the country, an 11-per-cent increase in cost would effect a net saving of about \$350,000,000 in accidents prevented.

Until adequate illumination is general, however, we are still faced with a very vexatious problem, the burden of which must be shouldered by the motorist who, equipped with thirty-mile-an-hour headlights, insists upon driving forty to sixty miles an hour in the dark—to the tune of 20,000 deaths and a waste of one and a half billion dollars a year.

THE END



WHY SHOULDN'T I ?



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The new Fortune styles are now on display. If you don't know your Fortune dealer, write for his address today.

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TO THE

Ladies

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE theater is packed for a great event of the Gay '90s. It is the opening night of a new play starring Lillian Russell. Out upon the stage walks lovely Lillian in all her splendor and a white silk gown—but with a wrinkle across her gorgeous tummy. Horrors!

Rosa Schwartz Binner, sitting in the front row, can't take her eyes off that awful wrinkle. Rosa Binner is the expert who makes Lillian's corsets. Rosa Binner sees that something must be done. After the show she goes to work instead of to bed. All night she ponders, strives, experiments. Next morning she gets hold of Lillian's corset, sews on two elastic strips with fasteners to keep the stockings up and the corset down—down tight, unwrinkled.

And that, my dears, was how our present-day garters came to be invented.

I guess we can call Mme. Binner the dean of American corsetmakers. Vienna born, Paris trained, she has been corseteering over here since 1889. In addition to giving us the strap garter, she also was one of the blessed pioneers who first delivered us from the torture of heavy whalebone corsets to the comfort of light girdles.

Mme. Binner is a small dark lady whose looks betray a mere fraction of her age. I asked her how she does it.

"I breathe," she declared. "I never diet—but I never overeat."

Deep breathing, she thinks, will help preserve any woman's figure. She says deep breathing will take excess flesh off your hips, for one thing. And

she believes that shallow breathing ruins many a complexion.

Collecting queer old corsets, reading corset history are Mme. Binner's hobbies. Queen Elizabeth, she told me, wore corsets made by a *blacksmith*!

• Your heart will ache, I know, for the wife who has just been through this experience I am about to relate. I know your heart will ache for her if you ever have felt the gnawing fever of curiosity unsatisfied.

Her husband keeps private papers locked up in a desk at home. For years she has yearned to get at them. Not a chance! He keeps the key himself.

A recent emergency obliged his firm to send him abroad on a long job, and as quickly as possible. There was no warning. He had to start within a few hours. Gave his wife all his keys. Told her to pack everything and run. There, at last, were all his private papers right before her eyes—yet she didn't have time enough to read them!

I am afraid the anguish of that moment may have embittered her for life.



ROSA SCHWARTZ
BINNER

• After a servants' ball at a ritzy Long Island hotel the hotel manager described it as the best-mannered gathering ever held at his establishment.

Many servants acquire good manners by watching the people for whom they work. Often the servants learn how *not* to behave.

• A striped carpet will make any room look longer. This smart new trick is rapidly becoming fashionable for the decoration of small apartments. But, I warn you, don't try to buy your striped carpet ready-made. Ten to one you won't find the colors you want. Go

to a carpet store and pick out two desired shades in twenty-two-inch carpeting—for example, a dark blue and a light blue. Have the strips sewn together alternately. The work doesn't cost much and the effect is worth attempting. I've seen a brown-and-beige-striped carpet used very handsomely with mahogany furniture and yellow chintz drapes lightly patterned with brown leaves. The scheme was cleverly accented by some pieces of old-blue-china arranged along a low bookshelf painted white to match the walls and the woodwork.

• The beauty-spot veil is flirting its way back into fashion again this autumn. A clear mesh veil with one single dot of black velvet so placed as to come high over your cheekbone on the side where your hat dips down.

• My gadabout summer having caused me to miss parts of Dora Macy's strong novel, Public Sweetheart No. 1, while it was running serially in Liberty, I have just had the pleasure of reading it straight through in book form. A vivid modern story! (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

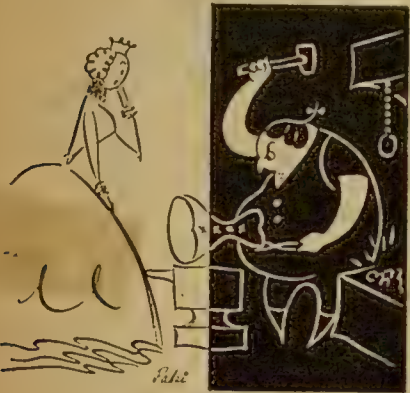
• Suggested for your next bridge luncheon:

Serve scallops *en coquille* with crisp French rolls and a *Salade Printanière*. Here's how you do the scallops:

Parboil a pound and a half of scallops with 1 bay leaf, a little celery, a few peppercorns, some diced carrot, and a blade of mace. Drain. Chop medium fine. Add 1 small can mushrooms simmered in their own liquor and minced. Now pepper, salt, 1 spoon chopped parsley. Make 2 cups thick cream sauce, put in 2 egg yolks, cook in double boiler, mix with your scallops and mushrooms. Touch 4 big scallop shells or fireproof shell dishes lightly with garlic, fill with mixture, sprinkle grated cheese on top, and bake 10 minutes.

For the *Salade Printanière* mold cooked green peas and shredded green beans together in tarragon-flavored aspic. Arrange on bed of watercress.

Hot rice biscuits go nicely with this luncheon.



FAST, FRAGILE, FLIPPANT

A Melodrama of Turbulent Days, a Dream-Play from Mr. Shakespeare, and a Merry New Comedy for Miss Crawford Find Their Way to the Screen

by BEVERLY HILLS

★ ★ ★ BARBARY COAST

THE PLAYERS: Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea, Walter Brennan, Frank Craven, Brian Donlevy, Clyde Cook, Harry Carey, Matt McHugh, Donald Meek. Directed by Howard Hawks. Screen play by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht.

MARKED throughout with that care of detail that Samuel Goldwyn gives all his excellently produced pictures, Barbary Coast turns out to be an interesting and moving film. It is intelligently and sincerely played by the principals—Edward G. Robinson, Miriam Hopkins, and Joel McCrea—and considering the restrictions which the censors would impose on any study of early San Francisco's bristling underworld, this beautifully photographed bit of rough-house manages to be as honest as one could hope.

Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht have fashioned a tightly knit melodrama, one vicious and tender by turns. Though it is always convincing, the story reaches two peaks that stand out above all the others. One of these grand sequences is the taut and exciting scene wherein the outraged citizens hang the town's leading thug. And the other—a photographic gem—is the fog-murked chase of Eddie Robinson and his killers after Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins.

Giving her best performance in some time, Miss Hopkins plays a ruthless miss out from the East who takes the gold away from the prospectors as fast as they can dig it up.

Her boss and paramour, Eddie Robinson, uses the blonde as an attraction at his crooked gambling hall. The setup works smoothly and richly for both until clean young love, in the form of Joel McCrea, comes into Miss Hopkins's scarlet life. Their tender romance is especially effective set in this lurid background.

Though not the great film it might have been, Barbary Coast is decidedly worth while.

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary	3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good	1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor	



Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea in a scene from Barbary Coast, a story of early San Francisco.

VITAL STATISTICS: The gold rush spawned the Barbary Coast and it waxed hideously but lustily gay till the San Francisco earthquake fire wiped it out. . . . Herbert Asbury's book of same name used as bible by film's fashioners, Ben (Whimsy) Hecht and Charles (Whamsy) MacArthur. . . . The temperature in studio-made fog is terrific: 110° and hard on the actors. How they suffer for the old sock and buskin and pay check, compared to miners and shoe clerks. . . . Save your old whisky bottles—prop men had to pay as high as fifteen to twenty dollars for old obsolete brands needed for bar scenes. California pawnshops gave up original gold measurers, old gaming tables, carpetbags—part of 50,000 props needed for atmosphere. . . . Charles Brimley, old-time Tombstone, Arizona, gambler, was hired to instruct Miss Hopkins in the art of operating a roulette wheel without getting electrocuted. . . . Decided—blonde Miriam Hopkins keeps her mind off romance and on her work these days. Wants to write. Does the 'thos. Edison trick of dropping off when possible to a fifteen-minute snooze wherever she may be on the set. Has made over one of her Santa Monica rooms into a Barbary Coast room, buying some of the picture props. . . . Edward G. Robinson makes Grade-A pictures and gives Grade-AA performances. He's quite the Hollywood highbrow; is kidded a lot because of his passion for collecting piratical antiques and books on Napoleon, whom he wants to play. . . . Walter Brennan, the Old Atrocity, is a Back Bay Bostonian, once of Hahvahd, whose accent he still uses offscreen. He's about thirty-five, but plays old men. . . . Joel McCrea spends his days off playing cowboy. Is planning a dude ranch for filmites up at Bear Creek, near Cheyenne. It'll have swimming pools, bars, lounge salons, etc., for the talkie-talkers to come and rough it.

★ ★ ★ A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

THE PLAYERS: Ian Hunter, Verree Teasdale, Hobart Cavanaugh, Dick Powell, Ross Alexander, Olivia de Havilland, Jean Muir, Grant Mitchell, Frank McHugh, Dewey Robinson, James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Hugh Herbert, Otis Harlan, Arthur Treacher, Victor Jory, Anita Louise, Nini Theilade, Mickey Rooney. Directed by Max Reinhardt and Wilhelm Dieterle. Play by William Shakespeare.

WARNER BROS.' long awaited production of Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream is at last on view. It will cause more discussion than any film of the current season, I believe, and though its pretty fantasy becomes occasionally tiresome, no curious moviegoer should miss this spectacle.

Mary McCall, Jr., and Charles Kenyon have done a competent screen translation, editing the play to give it movement and cutting many of the long speeches. The cast is satisfactory, though not outstanding, with little



It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

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Good positions for trained men and women in hotels, restaurants, institutions. Qualify in 4 months—learn on real hotel equipment. Placement Service FREE of extra charge. New day classes start Jan. Feb. Catalog FREE!
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
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Mickey Rooney a delightfully impish Puck, Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise doing the best work.

The great weakness of the picture is its leisurely pace and the slowness it has in getting started. As the film is now being shown it is divided by an intermission, and the second, and shorter, half is the outstanding portion. There is, however, a truly distinctive quality to the whole affair. The film is respectfully and richly produced, exquisitely staged, and fairly overrunning with famous players. A courageous experiment, and only because it fails to sustain its fragile mood does *A Midsummer Night's Dream* miss being a great film.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture cost about \$1,300,000, or about \$1,299,500 more than original production. Around Warner Bros.' factory is known as *The Dream*, but whether it's Jack Warner's Nightmare remains yet to be seen. . . . Baden, Austria, gave Max Reinhardt, directors' director, to Art on September 8, 1873. Started as an actor, playing old men at twenty. In 1903 became a director and his second production was *The Dream*. Success was instantaneous and tremendous and he got to be the biggest showman on earth, a sort of artistic Barnum. Is a big the-play's-the-thing feller. Never uses a big effect to kill a scene but to accentuate or bring it out. Hated silent screen; thinks talkies great human medium. Laughs at the idea that Shakespeare's highbrow. Thinks the screen'll bring the Bard down to earth. Is converted to movies and will probably do *Green Pastures*. . . . Only casualty in film: Mickey Rooney broke his leg, so George Breakston is used in most of the long shots. . . . Hugh Herbert had hard time with Shakespeare's lines. Hugh likes to ad-lib, as he goes along and the professor made him stick to the lines. . . . Verree Teasdale, I hear, approved of the script. . . . Anita Louise's eyes, I'm told, when tired change from gorgeous dark blue to gorgeous light blue. . . . Two-fisted Cagney wore curls like a girl when but a brat. Bottom's the top of Cagney's career, although they made an ass of him. . . . I'm told Joe E. Brown submerged his stardom for artistry as a tribute to the Bard, the artist dominating the man at every point. . . . Now that it's over, the Warner plant goes back to talking out of the side of its mouth again. . . . Queerest note about it all: Film's press agents refer to it as Shakespeare's *Mighty Epic*!

★ ★ ★ I LIVE MY LIFE

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, Brian Aherne, Frank Morgan, Aline MacMahon, Eric Blore, Fred Keating, Jessie Ralph, Arthur Treacher, Frank Conroy, Etienne Girardot, and others. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Story by Carter Goodloe.

IN spite of its somewhat weighty title Joan Crawford's latest offering is no soul-searing epic. It is, rather, a slight, flippant, and quite merry piece which bothers about the love problems of an heiress who has, as she says herself, more money than she knows what to do with. Miss Crawford's specific problem in this play is whether or not she should marry Brian Aherne. Mr. Aherne plays—and very smartly—a young man who goes about Greece digging up ancient statues and not doing a bit toward bettering his social and financial standing.

Under the swift direction of W. S. Van Dyke this tenuous plot becomes only slightly tedious. More often it is genuinely funny and it is always easy to watch. Moreover, *I Live My Life* discloses the tensely dramatic Miss Crawford as a thoroughly competent comedienne.

M-G-M has mounted the affair in handsome fashion. Frank Morgan, Aline MacMahon, Eric Blore, and Fred Keating lend their splendid support, and all help to make this into first-rate "escape" entertainment.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture's from short story *Glitter*. . . . Frank (Bumpy) Morgan hates bridge, but knows and will tell all the news stories; is as gay and dizzy offstage as on. . . . Crawford is pulling a garbo these days. So many people crowd on her sets she's suddenly decided she want to be alone. Joan was born Billie Cassin, switched to Lucille La Sueur, then got her present name by public contest. . . . The exotic Greek isle of Naxos is really Catalina. Ruins were built on a mountaintop made of volcanic rock which had to be leveled. Very foggy there most of time during shooting. Though the fog is negligible to the human eye, in the camera it will make the most beautiful panorama in the world look like a picture of the bottom of the bathtub taken under water. . . . Aline MacMahon released herself from contract to Warner Bros. to free-lance and breathe purer artistic air. Selected this part to be directed by Woody Van Dyke, whose work she admires. . . . Fred Keating got seasick on the trip to Catalina. He's to satirize Null Cahrd (Noel Coward to you) in the new Moss Hart-Cole Porter show. . . . Studio copied tomb room at Per-neb from Metropolitan Museum, New York. . . . Arthur Treacher is that giddy British jolly old fruit you've been enjoying recently. Spends his time on the set knitting. Picked it up during the war. . . . Brian Aherne played Browning to Kitty Cornell's Barretts of Wimpole Street. Will probably play Romeo to Norma Shearer's Thalberg's Juliet and be in the next Crawford—*The Gorgeous Hussy*. He's six feet three. . . . W. S. Van Dyke is popular with actors because he lets them interpret their parts within reason, if they have any. Is also a writers' favorite because he shoots 'em as they're written.

★ ★ 1/2 SHIPMATES FOREVER

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Lewis Stone, Ross Alexander, Eddie Acuff, Dick Foran, John Arledge, Robert Light, Joseph King, Frederick Burton. Directed by Frank Borzage. Story by Delmer Daves.

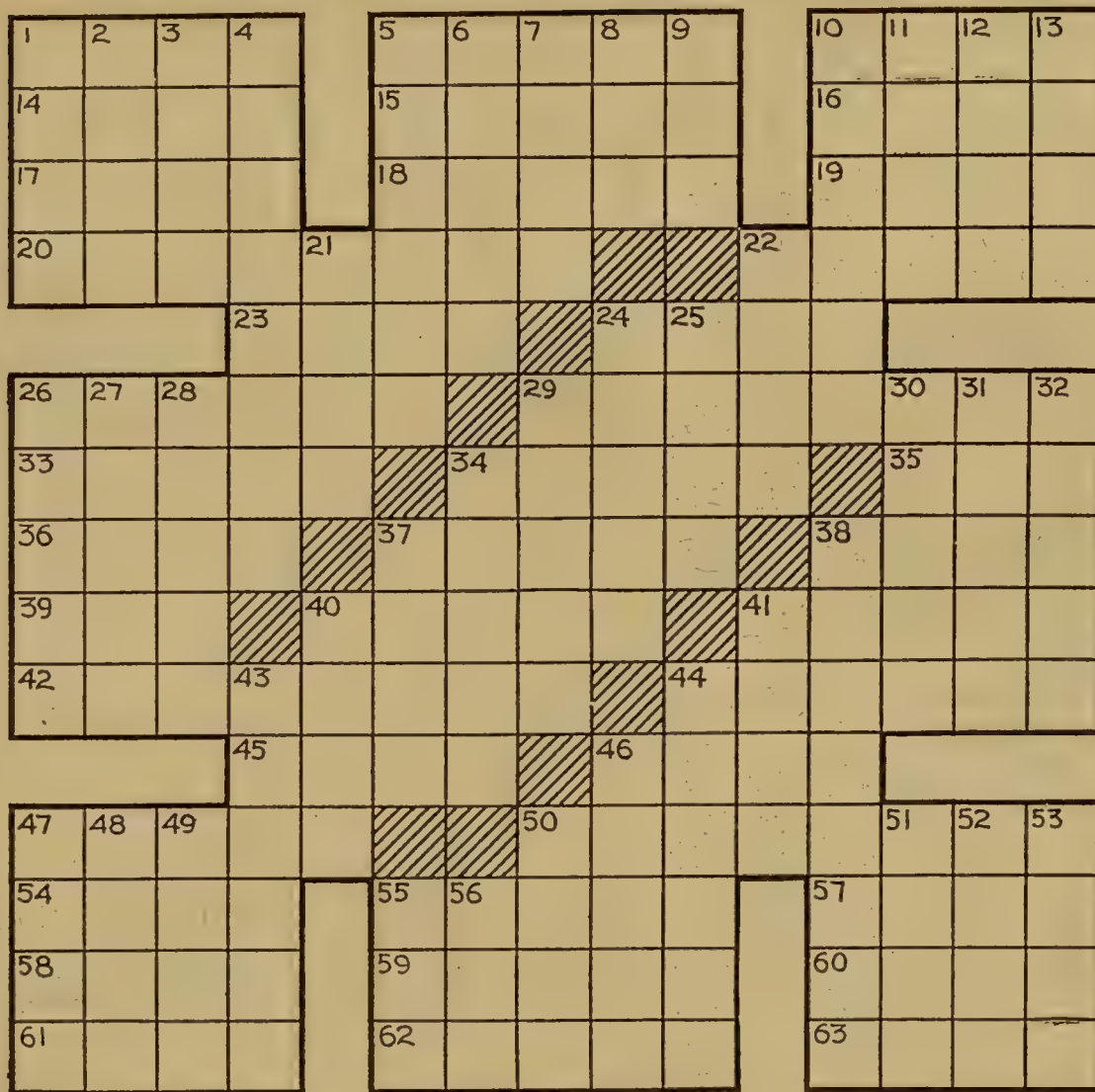
ONE of the longest pictures of the season, *Shipmates Forever* is an over-emotional display of the laughter and tears that go into the making of a United States naval officer.

Dick Powell plays a highly successful radio crooner, descended from a long list of admirals, who enters the Naval Academy because his father (Lewis Stone) tells him he isn't smart enough to pass the exams. Being in the navy means that Mr. Powell relinquishes his lucrative job, his freedom, and his girl, Ruby Keeler, all for the privilege of being hazed by upperclassmen.

Except for a few slight variations, *Shipmates Forever* is a standard reproduction of a film that has been made regularly every season for the past ten years. The worst thing a character can do in any of these pictures is to imply that being in the navy (army, marines, or aviation) isn't necessarily the finest thing in life. And while Mr. Powell's frequent protests against naval life seemed thoroughly justified to us, the stern and patriotic Warner Bros. show him the light after too many reels of flag waving and not enough of the lilting Ruby Keeler.

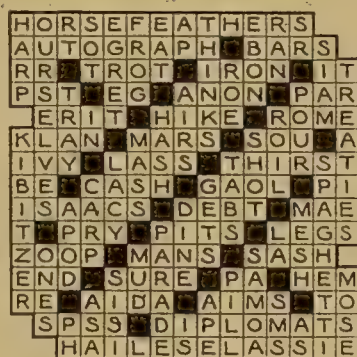
VITAL STATISTICS: Annapolis Academy was made over from old Fort Severn in 1845. . . . Picture cost over \$600,000, much of it made at the Academy and on flagship *Pennsylvania* at San Pedro, California. Director Borzage, running into money. . . . Little Rock is blatantly proud of its Richard Ewing Powell. Arkansas public-spiritedly honors him with motor license No. 1. Dick admits he's an Arkansas razorback. Doesn't know how he got into acting. Gets about 300 fan letters a day—tops for Warner lot—most of them either pro or con about his getting married. . . . Borzage was great stickler for realism, so insisted on no gum chewing in true Naval Academy style, ankle-height shoes, undershirts with sleeves to elbows. . . . Ruby Keeler's been at it seven years with Al Jolson. They're still Hollywood's most fervent couple. They've adopted baby Albert Jolson, Jr., about whom she's crazy. Ruby dances 840 tap steps each minute, which means she's the taps. Ruby was born in Halifax, N. S. . . . The temperature in parts of the boiler-room hell was 178°, but Powell and John Arledge suffered through. . . . Navy provides its own technical advisers on films. . . . Lewis Stone, as a real admiral, enjoyed his part.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 A tribe of Algonquian Indians (plural)
- 5 A city in Venetia, Italy
- 10 A river forming part of a boundary of Bolivia
- 14 Genus of liliaceous plants
- 15 To accustom or discipline
- 16 Reclined
- 17 An element in the atmosphere
- 18 One of a series of steps
- 19 To afford or furnish
- 20 Relating to bodily motion
- 22 Dispatches an agent or messenger
- 23 State of wrath (plural)
- 24 Conceited precisian
- 26 Extensive South American plains
- 29 Burlesque translation or imitation
- 33 Devoured
- 34 A species of ginger
- 35 To stand to one's obligations (colloquial)
- 36 A stringed instrument
- 37 Peasant (Scandinavian history)
- 38 A kind of plum cake
- 39 Bird of prey
- 40 Chants
- 41 Measured by the sun
- 42 Having no partitions (biology)
- 44 Constraining force or influence
- 45 Flexible part of a whip



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 46 Unrelieved by activity
- 47 A species of eel
- 50 That which is considered by itself (logic)
- 54 Funeral solemnity or office
- 55 Shackles
- 57 To draw out and twist slightly (textiles)
- 58 Not one
- 59 The French word for snow
- 60 The self (plural)
- 61 Beverage (plural)
- 62 Island of the Cyclades group
- 63 Dint

VERTICAL

- 1 Chanted
- 2 Away from the windward
- 3 Converse in a loving way
- 4 Guard, or one who watches
- 5 A zodiacal constellation
- 6 A Brazilian tapir (plural)
- 7 Consisting of two parts
- 8 A Biblical name (Exodus xxxi)
- 9 Combining form meaning air
- 10 Bring forward with positiveness
- 11 City in France
- 12 External coat
- 13 Extremities
- 21 A metal
- 22 Hindu god
- 24 Incites to action
- 25 Violent passion
- 26 A reception
- 27 Beds of wild beasts
- 28 To make amends for
- 29 Tincture
- 30 Vapid or tasteless from age
- 31 Indians of northern Argentina
- 32 Measures of time
- 34 Part of a year
- 37 A leaning of the mind
- 38 Having a border (heraldry)
- 40 Support for a mast
- 41 A deer
- 43 Roundels of silver (heraldry)
- 44 Faculty of receiving mental impressions (plural)
- 46 Australian wild dog
- 47 African monkey
- 48 Ancient Greek coin
- 49 Fine Russian hemp
- 50 Besmear
- 51 A stall or booth
- 52 River in England
- 53 Remainder
- 55 A British domain (poetic)
- 56 Female sandpiper

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Walter Winchell
at the microphone.



The Complete and Authentic Inside
Story — Never Told Before — of the
Greatest Man-Hunt of Modern Times

by
LIEUTENANT
JAMES J. FINN
OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT
and
D. THOMAS CURTIN

How I Captured

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

LAST week Lieutenant Finn began the inside story of the "money trail." A checkup on deposits made and safe-deposit boxes rented shortly after the payment of the Lindbergh ransom indicated that the extortioner must still have in his own keeping the \$50,000 in bills. Lists of the bills' serial numbers were furnished to all banks. To keep alive the busy tellers' interest, rewards were offered by Colonel Lindbergh, and later by the New York Police Department. Every bill caught was reported by phone to Lieutenant Finn, who would endeavor to trace it through the depositor to the spender. The depositors proved usually to be storekeepers or filling-station men.

In December, 1932, the lieutenant obtained a first fragmentary description of his quarry. Three months later he got another; they tallied. Laboratory experts examined the bills caught; no good fingerprints could be developed, but there were many traces of lipstick and mascara and of such grease as a mechanic might use in sharpening his tools. The bills were musty as if they had been buried in damp ground or hidden in a damp receptacle. They had all been neatly folded in a special way.

Whenever a bill was caught, Lieutenant Finn stuck a pin in a map. Pins began to cluster in Yorkville, the large German section of Manhattan, and along the subway between Yorkville and the Bronx. The hunt was narrowing down.

But it was not until November 27, 1933, that the first real "break" came.

PART FOUR—COLD EYES AND A SHAKING FINGER

CRIMINALS are clever yet dumb—or vice versa. The Lindbergh kidnaper, for all his apparent crudity, had been too clever to accept ransom money in bills of large denominations. He had demanded used currency in bills of comparatively small denominations, fives, tens, and twenties—and that had made our task infinitely harder. Not many people see a \$500 bill in the course of a lifetime. Even imperturbable bank tellers sit up and

take notice when one is presented at their windows. But the Lindbergh bills were the ordinary bills of commerce. A tradesman may hate to change a ten or a twenty, but he doesn't jump over his counter and yell for the police. In the circumstances, I think we did pretty well to catch as many of them as we did.

The Lindbergh kidnaper had been reasonably clever, too, in the way he had distributed his transactions with the ransom money over a wide territory and a long time. To be sure, after a couple of years of spending, his system began to show fairly clearly in the pins on my ransom map. The man couldn't be bothered to go to Brooklyn or Greenwich Village or the upper West Side every time he needed a little spending money. But on the whole he was clever. He took a trip to Maine, but he didn't let any of the ransom money betray his presence there. He took a trip to Canada, but he spent nothing but good money across the boundary. The statement has been made repeatedly that large quantities of Lindbergh bills showed up in both of these localities. They didn't. The Lindbergh kidnaper was too clever for that.

But he was dumb, too, in a most unexpected way—and it was this unexpected dumbness which led, as we shall see, to the ultimate discovery of the most sensational piece of currency in the long history of crime.

It had been a hard fight trying to keep up the enthusiasm of the overworked bank tellers during the hot summer of 1933. Even with the simplification of the lists of serial numbers on the Lindbergh bills, it took a good man an average of sixty seconds to check one note. Not a long time in the lives of most of us, but a good deal to ask of busy New York bank tellers. In addition to the original \$25,000 reward for the apprehension of the criminal and the payments made by Colonel Lindbergh for the discovery of each note, the New York Police Department offered special rewards and adopted other means to keep up the flagging interest. Still the results weren't anything to write home about.

Of course, after we had located our man and checked up on his previous career, we could find significance in many of the places where the bills were found—for example, the first one, which had come, as you know, from a

Lieut. Finn, Corporal V. H. Horn of the New Jersey State Police, and (at right) Special Agent W. F. Seery of the Department of Justice. "The Lindbergh case," the Lieutenant declares, "has brought about mutual respect, which did not always exist before, between federal agents, state troopers, and police."



HAUPTMANN

bank at Amsterdam Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street. This location, so far removed from Hauptmann's daily route from the Bronx to Yorkville and back, was interesting *afterward*, when we found that stowaway Hauptmann had hidden out in that neighborhood on his arrival in this country and was therefore familiar with it; but at the time it meant nothing.

Corporal Horn figured that we traveled over forty thousand miles in our car and made over seven hundred separate contacts without finding the passer of the Lindbergh money and without finding anything definite about him except the deductions we were able to make from the increasing number of pins in the map on my office wall. So, as we neared the end of the second year of our search, answering a call from a bank ceased to be the thrilling experience it had been in the first days and had sunk to the level of a none too happy routine.

THEREFORE it was with no particular quickening of the heartbeat that I took a call on Monday morning, November 27, 1933, from a teller in the branch office of the Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company at Seventh Avenue and Fourteenth Street, telling me that another five-dollar Lindbergh bill had been found.

Except that the teller's name was William Cody—Buffalo Bill's name—the call seemed like all the others. The bill looked like all the others, too. But it wasn't. Thanks to the observant eyes and retentive memory of an intelligent woman, it was to bring us the first real description of the man who was passing the ransom notes.

Cecile Barr was a very different person from the average bird in a gilded cage who sells tickets at a New York movie box office. For more than a decade she had been cashier at one theater, Loew's Sheridan, at Seventh Avenue and Eleventh Street. She was making up her cash and preparing to close her office in the evening of Sunday, the 26th, when a customer approached and threw down a five-dollar red-seal bill.

Now, the Sheridan is a neighborhood theater where the same people come week after week. In the course of years Mrs. Barr had come to know many of these people personally. She and her friends on the other side of



Acme photo

Mrs. Cecile M. Barr, the movie theater cashier to whom Hauptmann was so rude that it fixed him in her memory.

the cage often exchanged a friendly word or smile.

It would have been altogether natural, therefore, under any circumstances, for her to look up at her lone customer to see if he were one of her acquaintances; but it was inevitable that she should do so at this hour, for it was most unusual that any one should buy an admission after the last showing of the program was well under way.

Moreover, there was something about the silent, almost surly way that this latecomer threw his bill at her and

waited without comment for his change, and something about the bill itself, folded once lengthwise and twice across (as so many of the ransom bills were), which made her take unusual note of the man in front of her. She remembered especially the coldness of his eyes.

When we reached the Sheridan Theater on Monday morning—Agent Manning and Corporal Horn were with me on this trip—and showed Mrs. Barr the bill, folded like that, she remembered the incident perfectly.

"Any woman would," she said.

And—this was the point of points—the description she gave of the passer of the note was so like the description which Condon and Perrone had given of the extortioner John that we knew at last beyond any miscalculation or doubt that when we got the man who was passing the ransom money—and there was little doubt now that we *would* get him—we would have the receiver of the ransom money and the writer of the ransom notes.

I tried to make my report matter-of-fact:

POLICE DEPARTMENT
City of New York

November 28, 1933.

From: Acting Lieutenant James J. Finn, M. O. D.
To: Commanding Officer, Main Office Squads
SUBJECT: INVESTIGATION RE: U. S. CURRENCY
NO. B35435796A.

1. On November 27, 1933, William Cody, 530 Vanderbilt Avenue, Stapleton, S. I., found the attached bill in a deposit of \$3,022, which was comprised as follows: \$181 in silver; \$1,771 in bills; \$1,070 in checks, which money was placed on deposit by Loew's Sheridan Theater, at the Corn Exchange Bank, 59 Seventh Avenue. This deposit was effected in the bank's night drop, in bags numbers 54, 56, and 64 of the depositor's, and made by Mr. J. H. Simon, assistant manager of the theater.

2. Further investigation revealed that the attached bill was received in payment for admission ticket by Cashier Mrs. Cecile M. Barr, 191 South Orange Avenue, Newark, New Jersey, at about 9.30 P. M., Sunday, November 26, 1933. This specific time is recalled by the cashier for the reason that the bill was folded in three folds and thrown at her in the cashier's cage by a person bearing the following description:

Apparently an American; about 30-35 years of age; slender build; 5 feet 8 inches or 5 feet 9 inches; about 155-160 pounds; light complexion; thin face; light-brown hair; smooth shaven; high cheekbones; wearing a dark soft hat with the front pulled down and no overcoat—dark suit. This man was alone.

3. Mr. Pierce, manager of the Sheridan Theater, was given a list bearing the numbers of the ransom money, with instructions that, in the event of any subsequent turning up of any additional money bearing any of the denominations on the list, he should immediately telephone Captain Oliver's office. . . .

4. The bill under reference will be turned over to Mr. Hugh J. McQuillan, U. S. Treasury Department, Old Post Office Building, New York City, for proper disposition.

(Signed) JAMES J. FINN
Acting Lieutenant, M. O. D.

BUT if I had been led to hope from this one substantial success that the final scene would follow close, I was doomed to bitter disappointment. All through the spring and summer of 1934 the bills kept coming in, but without any identifying descriptions. Some of them took us far afield—to Tenafly, New Jersey; to Hancock, Michigan; to Gloversville, New York; to Minsky's Republic Burlesque Theater; to the Adventurers' Club in the Astor Hotel; to Kobe, Japan.

In the meantime I was not exactly loafing. I was what they call at Headquarters the Lindbergh "saturation man." You have already seen how all the false clues came to my office—16,000 of them—and how each was checked. All inquiries and requests for help, from both inside and outside our own organization, ultimately reached there, too. Outside agencies, the federal government and the New Jersey State Police, naturally leaned heavily on the information which we had acquired as to the New York phases of the case—the phases which were destined to furnish the final solution.

The federal boys were the first to avail themselves of these facilities. They had jumped into the case at the start and had rendered valuable services in running down those much publicized hoaxes, Curtis and Means, but for several months previous to that hot day in August, 1933, when Federal Agent John Manning walked into my office and offered to help in following the ransom trail, the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice had not been active in the Lindbergh case.

The Jersey authorities were naturally occupied at first with phases quite outside the sphere of the New York Police Department. The crime had been committed in Jersey, and there were many local clues which only Jersey authorities could run down. When it became evident, however, in the autumn of 1933, that the money trail which the New York Police Department had been consistently following as their main job had become sufficiently important to command united action, Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, head of the New Jersey State Police, was quick to offer the co-operation of his troopers.

A great deal has been written pro and con about the degree of co-operation which existed between the three great investigating agencies. According to one account, jealous and continued bickering was the order of the day. According to another, heavenly bliss reigned throughout. Neither version is a complete statement of the truth. I would like to say, however, that the Lindbergh case, more than any other experience in the whole history of American crime, has brought about a real and, I believe, lasting mutual respect, which did not always exist before, between the three great forces of law and order—the federal agents, the state troopers, and the municipal Police Department.

THE federal men complained that they were not allowed to see the ransom notes and didn't even know their contents until they were given to the public. I don't know whether this was so or not. Certainly we had every opportunity to study these notes.

"When we get the man who makes a *p* like that," I remember saying, "we'll get the Lindbergh kidnaper."

With the aid of handwriting expert Albert D. Osborn, we devised the famous "test paragraph" which Bruno Hauptmann was to write over and over again in my office the night of his arrest, and which did so much at the Flemington trial to tie up the prisoner in the dock with the writer of the ransom notes.

The paragraph was so constructed as to contain most of the words which were misspelled or written peculiarly in the notes. Here it is, just as it was handed to Hauptmann that fatal night in old Greenwich Street:

We were not near Smith Hall where the robbery took place between 6 and 12 by our time. During all the time I was out of the house but later came home. Did you not write letters to New York sending back anything that was stolen from Dr. Conway? Police keep those letters and papers they will be good for something later maybe. One of the Letters said: "Dear Sir: Thank you for the bills and for your money. We will send back the bills later perhaps and where shall we send them, the address we lost. Be at home every night so you will hear from us, you cannot tell when it will be."

Armed with this document, we were all ready for the man who spelled house as "haus," not as "note," money as "mony," later as "latter," and good as "gut."

All we needed was the man!

Meanwhile false clues continued to flow into our files. Newspaper canards, fashioned by sensational editors, increased in number and absurdity. We couldn't blame the editors. The public was clamoring for news, and the newspapers were prevented by their agreement with us from giving the only real news that there was: that the ransom money was occasionally appearing in the city's banks. But each story, however silly, had to be run down.

I remember the night I was starting out to follow up that cock-and-bull story about Violet Sharpe, the Morrows' maid who afterward committed suicide, having been seen in Yonkers the night of the murder with a baby in her arms.

"That's nothing but baloney," commented one of the boys as I reached for my hat.

"I know it's baloney," I replied; "but I've got to stay up all night just to *prove* it's baloney."

These were but a few of the many more or less routine duties which we were called upon to perform between the telephone calls, which were still coming much less frequently than they should have done, from the banks where ransom bills were found. I knew it would be only a matter of time when we would get another break like the Cecile Barr one; and apparently the time was up when, on September 6, 1934—over nine months after the Sheridan Theater incident—a new pickup of information came from the National Bank of Yorkville, where Teller Frank Hoffman had discovered a ten-dollar gold certificate bearing the Lindbergh ransom number A57232100A.

This call was more promising than some because of the location of the bank; for Yorkville is that section of Manhattan which extends from Seventy-ninth Street to Ninety-ninth between Fifth Avenue and the East River—a section clearly marked by the pins on the map as the scene of many of the kidnaper's activities.

A great area of this Yorkville section over toward the river is predominantly German, a region of good old German cooking and nerve-relaxing sociability.

When the Yorkville bank notified me that a Lindbergh ransom bill had turned up, I immediately went there, accompanied by Agent Seery of the Department of Justice, and Corporal Horn of the New Jersey State Police. We saw it was one of the ten-dollar gold certificates, whereupon I began my usual line of questioning to find out who had made the deposit. Very often the banks didn't know. But this one did. And the information sent us hurrying to an Italian fruit-and-vegetable store on Third Avenue at Eighty-ninth Street, owned by Raffaele Boccanfuso.

WE told Boccanfuso we were looking for a man who had been passing counterfeit money. (We always talked counterfeit money, never ransom money; otherwise some one would have gone rushing around telling everybody that he had solved "the crime of the century.") To be sure, I lost no time in assuring the store owner that he was in no danger of being the loser—that the ten-dollar bill he had deposited was good, the original from which the counterfeits had been made. Nevertheless, on that sixth day of September, Boccanfuso was not of great help to us.

"I dunno. Dunno nothing about. I'm-a busy!" he answered impatiently.

"Just the same, this bill was spent in your store," I insisted. "If you didn't wait on the customer yourself, one of your men did."

It was then that a bright-faced young Italian-American clerk by the name of Levatino began to talk.

"Sure, boss!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Sure! You remember

that fellow who bought a cabbage for six cents? For only six-cent sale he want we should change ten-dollar bill. And you give me hell, don't you remember, because I take it?"

Under such able prompting the boss's memory improved remarkably.

"Sure; that's right."

The owner remembered the incident now, but not the customer. Levatino remembered him amazingly well, however, and all because of a tactical blunder by the customer. The man who had spent the ten-dollar gold certificate had indulged in the fatal folly of argument. He had even pointed his finger at the fruitman and had shaken it menacingly. And so he was photographed vividly on Levatino's memory, as otherwise he never would have been, just as the picture of the sullen man who threw his folded bill at Cecile Barr had been indelibly printed on the memory of that offended lady.

"Do you know this customer?" I asked.

"Never saw him before. He's a stranger in the neighborhood. That's why the boss not want to change ten-dollar bill for him—because he's not regular customer."

"Can you describe him?"

Levatino was thoughtful. Then his eyes brightened and he made a gesture toward Corporal Horn. "Same height as you," he said definitely. "Also he weigh just about the same."

Five feet nine or ten inches; a hundred and fifty-five pounds!

"How old would you say he was?"

"Thirty-five, he seem to me."

The estimate was excellent. Hauptmann, as we afterward learned, was thirty-five years and ten months at that time.

"Did you notice anything about his face?"

Levatino was most impressed by the cheekbones. They were noticeably high, with hollows in the cheeks. He was positive the man's eyes were gray, his face oval, his chin somewhat pointed.

"How about those eyes when he shook his finger at you?"

"No sparks, no fire, no shake in voice—like so many fellers when they get mad," was the way Levatino put it. "Eyes just cold all the time."

Cecile Barr had been impressed by that same characteristic. But I had never yet come on a description of the hair that satisfied me. It had been night and the hat had been pulled down when Condon and Perone had seen him. Others had indefinitely described the hair as brown.

NOT so Levatino. When I asked him if he remembered its color, he looked at my hair, then at Horn's and Seery's. Then his eyes roamed the store. He shook his head. He wasn't satisfied. He looked out toward the sidewalk and pulled my arm.

"There—look—you see that man?" he asked.

We looked at the man standing on the sidewalk outside. His hair was

1 BIG FEED . . .  TAKE THE CASE OF MR. SKINNER HONOR GUEST AT CIVIC DINNER . . .	2 SAD INDEED . . .  KNOWS HE'LL HAVE TO MAKE ADDRESS THO TUMMY'S IN EXTREME DISTRESS . . .
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very light brown—distinctly different from any shade of hair in the store.

"That not the man," Levatino declared. "But you look all over New York, you not find hair more like bad-money man than that."

I took a long look at the unsuspecting bystander outside the window and memorized the shade of his hair.

And now the question of nationality, or rather race: could Levatino tell us anything about this? He could. He said the six-cent customer seemed to be a German—the race that was so common in that neighborhood. Friendly people, on the whole, Levatino found them. But not this one who shook his finger at him.

Nobody prompted Levatino. No leading question was asked him. The whole description came spontaneously out of the lad's memory. He not only corroborated other descriptions but gave us some important additions, most of which would never have been forthcoming if the stingy customer hadn't lost his temper about the bill.

But that's where his dumbness came in.

How easy it would have been for him to be reasonably polite to Cecile Barr! If he had been, she might have given him only a casual glance—and would surely never have been able, almost a year later, to pick him out at Bronx County Courthouse and say, "That is the man." And how wise it would have been not to shake his finger at the young Italian clerk!

The change that was coming over the man's mind is clearly evident in these two incidents.

In the fall of 1933, at the Sheridan Theater, he was still the self-conscious, suspicious criminal. He hadn't reached the confident stage. But he was getting a little careless. In the fall of 1934, at the Third Avenue vegetable store, he had become the "big man" sure of himself. From his distorted viewpoint, he had every reason to feel pretty well set up. He had not only put over one of the biggest shell games of all time—\$50,000 in return for a scrap of paper—but for two years and a half he had lived without labor, coming and going freely in his accustomed haunts, without once betraying himself to

the authorities. He thought he could afford to let himself go, to be as stingy and as insolent as he wished to be.

And now, for the third and last time, he was about to betray himself by his pride of possession.

The ransom certificates had been coming in fast in the Yorkville district for some time; and with Levatino's description to go on, we felt justified in resorting to extreme measures. Upon my request, Inspector Lyons assigned four men besides myself to special duty in the neighborhood, and the federal and Jersey authorities matched these with five each, making a total of fifteen men. This squad was subsequently increased to fifty and then to sixty-four. Each man was assigned to a specific post and given a specific time for ringing up the office to report.

Of the final sixty-four, all assigned to the work I had mapped out, twenty-five were from New York, twenty from Washington, nineteen from Jersey.

This mobile force was instructed to pay particular attention to customers at vegetable stores and stands on the street. We concentrated on the area from East Fifty-first Street to East 160th Street, along the Lexington Avenue Subway, the Third Avenue Elevated, and the Second Avenue Elevated, because this was the area where most of the man's purchases were being made.

The detectives worked in pairs. Fixed posts were set at each subway and elevated station, while patrols walked back and forth the five or six blocks between stations. Any suspect was to be followed and, if possible, his identity established before he was questioned.

Fat men were automatically eliminated. So were men above five feet ten. So were all men past their middle thirties, and all men except Germans and Scandinavians. If a suspect was followed who answered the height, weight, age, and racial descriptions but had *brown* eyes, he was eliminated. If his hair was gray or black or red or dark brown, he wasn't considered. We knew perfectly well that wanted gangsters had frequently dyed their hair. But the man we were after had none of the earmarks of the professional gangster.

From September 10 we combed that whole section of New York. The tide of hope rose rapidly. Lindbergh ransom money was coming in faster and faster.

"If only some one doesn't spill the beans!"

Of course no one would. Our own men could be trusted. And the newspaper boys and the radio boys had been good soldiers, too.

OUR man was easily scared; we had learned that. The moment a word was breathed about the ransom bills showing up in the banks, he was off the spending business for weeks, perhaps for months. That's why we had asked the newspaper and radio people to lie low. And how they had responded! For nearly a year no one had mentioned in the press or on the air that the ransom bills were showing up again.

Consequently the kidnaper was becoming more and more careless. It was vital that he should stay so—that nobody *should* spill the beans.

Then, on Sunday evening, September 16, I got the blow that nearly floored me. Somebody *was* spilling the beans.

I was home. One of my four daughters had turned on the radio. Walter Winchell was giving his regular program. Suddenly he was talking about the Lindbergh case—yelling to all America the news that ransom money was showing up again in the Yorkville section!

I'd have given a year's pay check to be able to reach out and cut him off, not at my own loud-speaker but in the control room of the National Broadcasting Company. I saw nearly three years of work knocked on the head simply that a spicy item might be served up by a columnist to his beloved public.

Now, I am for the freedom of the press and all that sort of thing. I have no sympathy with that judge down in Texas who fined those reporters for printing the evidence in a trial in his court. But I want to take this opportunity to say to writing men in general that they do not know how seriously they sometimes hamper justice, not only during a trial but before.

This broadcasting slip was a special case. I could only hope that the kidnaper had not been listening in that



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particular night to that particular program. If he hadn't, no harm had been done. But often the publicity given to cases in the newspapers and on the air definitely interferes with the punishment of criminals. The power of the press to hamper the detection of crime and to prevent punishment is virtually unlimited—and, in the case of the Winchell broadcast, it might have delayed indefinitely, if it had not altogether prevented, the arrest of the Lindbergh slayer.

Yet for once, after two and a half years of bad breaks, the forces of law and order were playing in luck. The fatal bill had already been spent.

It is natural, I suppose, that a high hedge of fiction should have grown up around the true manner in which this now famous bill was traced. For excellent reasons, we on the inside let the popular stories ride until after the Flemington trial. Here, at last, is the real one:

On September 17, the next day after the Winchell broadcast, I was informed by phone that three more ransom bills had been discovered. I at once got in touch with Horn and Seery, and the three of us got to work.

TWO of the bills quickly proved to be duds. They were ransom notes, all right. But the depositor either was unknown or could give us no information about the person from whom he had received the money.

But there was no dud about the ten-dollar gold certificate discovered by a teller in the Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company branch at Park Avenue and 125th Street. That carried a time fuse which couldn't miss.

When we arrived at the Corn Exchange, the manager informed us that one of his tellers, Sturm by name, had discovered a Lindbergh ransom bill in the "bank" turned over to him by another teller named Ozec. The word "bank" in this sense means the stacks of bills and change in a teller's cage. It is a custom in most banking institutions for the chief teller to switch these "banks" each day, so that the same teller does not handle the same "bank" two days in succession. This is a safety checkup precaution.

With this technicality in mind, we can trace the fatal Lindbergh ransom bill back from Teller Sturm through Teller Ozec to the filling station where it had been spent. In so doing we shall see how good old everyday human nature, with its strengths and weaknesses, motives and emotions, charted the course of that gold certificate.

It was Sturm's sharp eye that checked the bill against the Lindbergh ransom numbers. But Sturm could not tell us anything about the person who passed it, because he had found it in the "bank" he had taken over from Ozec, who had tucked it away among the "rags," as the mutilated money is called. This money is put in a pile by itself, to be turned in to the Federal Reserve to go out of

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Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division, L-11-2
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of my time...
and I forgot
my troubles!"**

There's no doubt about it—the three-minute way certainly makes a difference. Three minutes chewing FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing-gum laxative—then good-bye constipation and the logy way it makes you feel. Have you been using rack-ing "all-at-once" cathartics? Then you know what cramps and griping are. The three-minute way is easy, thorough, and oh so efficient! It's good for the entire family—and children love it.



THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

circulation. Since gold certificates were also to go out of circulation, it was correct to include this bill in the "rags" group.

Could Ozne describe the person who had brought in that ransom note?

Although I had asked the question in hundreds of investigations, the same old thrill of hope coursed through me when Mr. Ozne came into the manager's office.

I put the query to him. Involuntarily Horn and Seery looked at one another when the deadening answer came, the one I had got so often. No use; Teller Ozne simply didn't remember just how that bill had come into his possession. He couldn't describe the person who gave it to him. All he could recollect was that it had been changed, not deposited.

It so happens that psychologically and physiologically there was an excellent reason why Mr. Ozne had no definite recollection of the person who had changed that gold certificate. Under similar circumstances any of us humans might have acted precisely as did he.

Some persons, of course, are more alert than others. But even a normally keen person is not uniformly alert. He may be as discerning as a high-powered lens one day and as opaque as a frosted window the next. Some personal problem may crash into a man's life momentarily to take exclusive possession of his faculties. The state of our health at any hour or day has a direct bearing on our keenness.

And by some strange quirk in the whirligig of fate, Teller Ozne was suffering from an appendicitis condition the day the fateful gold certificate came through his window. The reserve strength that ordinarily sharpened his observation was used up in doing his routine work—the routine work that had become semi-automatic. So when somebody said, "Will you change this gold certificate for regular money?" he simply took the bill and handed back legal currency. Then a twinge of pain, a shifting of feet, and on to the business with the next person in line.

Such are the facts concerning Teller Ozne. As for myself, I had seemingly reached the end of another blind alley.

That was my thought as I contemplated the ten-dollar bill in my hand—that mysterious piece of engraved paper which had been handled only a couple of days before by the same fingers that had so daringly and heartlessly snatched the Lindbergh baby from its nursery in the hills above Hopewell.

Still reflecting, I turned the bill over—and something like a flash of lightning struck Horn, Seery, and myself in the same instant. Some figures had been written on the back in pencil. My companions bent over these figures with me: 4U13.41. This was obviously the registration number of an automobile. It might mean everything or nothing.

You may think it odd that Teller Sturm, who had spotted this Lindbergh note, had not told us about these figures scribbled on it. The reason is that, like other bank tellers, he was so accustomed to handling money face up that it hadn't occurred to him to turn the bill over and look at the back.

"How many deposits were made that day?" we asked him.

"That was last Friday. Between a hundred and fifty and a hundred and sixty deposited that day."

"How many of those were garages or filling stations? And what garages and filling stations customarily use this branch?" I asked.

There were three filling stations in the neighborhood, we were told. The nearest one was owned by the Warner-Quinlan Company at Lexington Avenue and 127th Street.

As all the world knows, the arrest of Hauptmann followed. But the world has understood that he was captured easily, overtaken in his car near his home. The truth is very different and is sensational in the extreme—a mad chase of nearly five miles after a "methodical daredevil"! Lieutenant Finn will tell this thrilling story, hitherto untold, in Liberty next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

- 1—King George V of England.
- 2—The white of eggs and lean meat.
- 3—A musical term, meaning in the style of gypsy music.
- 4—Alphonse Daudet, who was stricken with locomotor ataxia.
- 5—Neither; in the United States there is no Q on the dial of an automatic phone.
- 6—Jim Thorpe, Carlisle Indians.
- 7—"Maru" means "of the sea" in a commercial sense.
- 8—Two pairs of pants.
- 9—It is believed to have been written by Marlowe, Kyd, Peele, Lodge, Greene, with additions and revision by Shakespeare.
- 10—A celebration before Christian times held each autumn by the Romans which may be compared to the Halloween of today.
- 11—The buffalo does not have the hump and mane which characterize the bison.
- 12—Tiptop Hill in the Thunder Bay District; elevation 2,120 feet.
- 13—Yes, a jury was used under certain circumstances during the eighteenth century.
- 14—Edward L. Hanna, sponsor of the Cleveland Rocket Society.
- 15—There is no tuition fee; the government pays midshipmen \$780 a year each.
- 16—Tennyson: Lover's Tale.
- 17—This was a tax first laid in England in 1663; each hearth in a house paying church and poor rates was taxed two shillings.
- 18—Insurance-company data from the United States indicate that seventeen times as many persons are killed by "rug accidents" as by electricity.
- 19—About 20,000.
- 20—The light in the top of the torch is maintained by the United States Lighthouse Service; the balance of the statue is illuminated thanks to a fund created by popular subscription.

START NOW AND WIN!

\$1,0000

CASH PRIZE

JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY CONTEST



START right now to win one of Liberty's Jumbled Geography cash awards. Your chance to capture one of the major awards is still excellent if you get into the game and play it through. There is no penalty attached to a late start, provided you do not delay longer. If you are just beginning an entry, read the rules first of all. They explain exactly how to go about preparing a winning entry. Then solve this week's list of jumbles. Each jumble, when the letters are correctly rearranged, will give you the name of a geographical designation in Asia. When this week's jumbles are solved to your satisfaction, file your list in a convenient place until you have all five lists ready for the judges. Now, if you need lists 1 and 2 and the issues of Liberty containing them are not available, read the small-type Late Entry instructions at the right.

LATE ENTRY!

If you require Lists 1 and 2 in order to bring your entry even with the field, request free reprints of this material, by mail, from the contest address in Rule 8. These gratis reprints will be sent to you without delay and when they arrive you can solve the lists and add them to your solution of this week's jumbles. Your set will then be up to date and you can solve each of the other lists as it is published and keep even with the leaders in the game.

THE RULES

1. Each week for five weeks Liberty will publish a list of twenty jumbled words which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form a geographical name. A different continent will be the basis for each of the five lists.

2. Opposite each of the jumbled words list your solution and tell whether it is a river, state, nation, mountain, lake, city, bay, desert, etc. For example, your solution for the first jumble this week might be AIMS, SIAM, Country in South-east Asia.

3. In case any name has more than one application, either or any correct identification will have equal weight in this contest.

4. When you have solved all five lists of jumbled words write a brief statement telling, in not more than seventy-five words, which place involved in this contest you would most like to visit and why.

5. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and described and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best.

6. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First prize, \$500; second prize, \$100; third prize, \$50; ten prizes, each \$5; 150 prizes, each \$2. In case of ties duplicate awards will be made.

7. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

8. Send all entries by First Class Mail to Jumbled Geography Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Send nothing until your set of 100 names is complete.

9. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 29, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

10. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY SET NO. 3

Jumble	Solution	Description
1 AIMS		
2 IRAPES		
3 SHALBAK		
4 BABYOM		
5 RUMA		
6 CHAMAKTAK		
7 SIYENIE		
8 HAROKAB		
9 TEREVES		
10 TANGEZY		
11 SNEGGA		
12 YALADAMN		
13 HOCOSOW		
14 ARNPUG		
15 ONATOVIS		
16 THISFAGANNA		
17 MAILAHAY		
18 WUCLONK		
19 HASHGAIN		
20 PINCOHITIRLO		

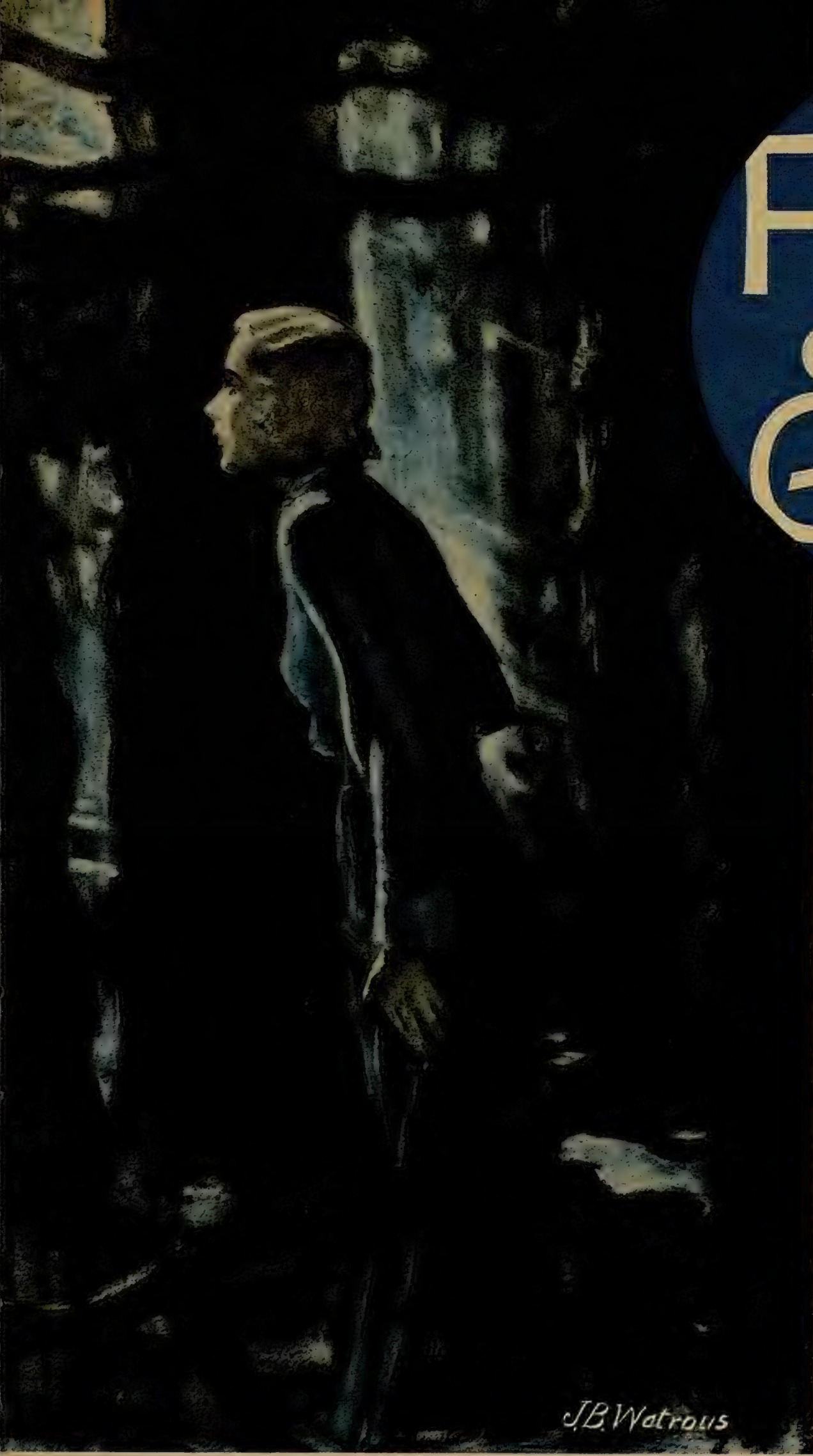
WATCH FOR SET NO. 4 JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY NEXT WEEK

by
**ACHMED
ABDULLAH**
and
**ANTHONY
ABBOT**

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—"I HAVE LOST HIM!"

IT was a queer moment in the lives of all of them. Of Roger Neale, who was already vaguely forming in his heart and mind the glimmering of a partly realized purpose, a new purpose and dreadful too, and yet, from the queer exalted feeling he had about it, a good purpose. The light of a fanatical impulse glistened in his good young eyes. He looked urgently at Doris, who loved him and whom he loved, and whom he now meant to give up



Flower OF THE Gods

LOVE OR DEATH?
A DILEMMA FADES AS
THE SURPRISE OF A
STRANGE SACRIFICE
ENTERS THE STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN B. WATROUS

She saw—sharp in the moonlight—two men. They seemed to be working side by side, over a little patch of garden.

for some new and righteous and unrealized purpose—sure already in his heart that he was not to see her again, ever. And Doris, frightened by her lover's eyes, turned away hurriedly to do what Roger asked—to find the old gardener, the man with the kind and wise old face, who—strange words to be hearing!—"might hold the key to the whole mystery."

Presently she was back and Lee Breckinridge was with her. Momentarily there was silence. Then Roger said: "Doris, I must speak to this man—alone."

Her eyes sad and a little frightened, Doris left the room. Roger turned to Lee.

"Your name is Breckinridge?"

"Yes."

"How, precisely, do you fit into this picture?"

"I am only a messenger. McAndrews and I became friends on board the Semiramis. We talked quite a little. He confided to me—he said he felt led to do that—shortly before the accident."

"No accident!" Roger interrupted tersely. "McAn-

draws was murdered. His body—that's what they telephoned me from Washington just now—was washed ashore, a knife stuck in his back."

Again a short silence.

"I know that, too," said Lee Breckinridge.

Roger Neale almost leaped at the old gardener.

"Look here, Breckinridge! I don't know who you are or where you come from, but I am damn soon going to find out. Calling me number seventy-three, huh? Knew McAndrews was dead before Uncle did, huh? Now come clean with me. Are you in the service? Or did you kill him?"

"I have never taken a life!" answered Lee solemnly.

"But are you in the service?"

Lee Breckinridge shook his head. Roger moved closer.

a cause. What cause? A new ambassador—a man of peace, not of the militant crowd at all—is on his way to Washington. *He* is the one who is to be killed—the dear old Duke of Kulja, the pacifist, the well beloved. Mehmet Ali will kill him through a hired American gangster unless you stop it. Roger Neale, you must give your last breath to stop this—or else the world will soon be burning up with war."

The voice of Lee Breckinridge died away. He closed his eyes and offered up a little prayer. And to the old man there seemed to be another voice now, whispering in his own ear and giving *him* a message. And the voice was that of the old red-robed Tao, and it seemed to be telling him:

"Wait! Wait! Your work is not done! There is more

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE mystic curse of angered Tibetan gods is cast upon Lee Breckinridge in 1893 when he attempts to seize the Flower of the Gods. The spell, invoked by the aged priest Tao, brands Lee as a murderer and sends him to life imprisonment in the Andamans, India's Devil's Island. Twelve years later in San Francisco, where she had fled with the son Lee had never seen, to live under the name of Carson, Laura, his wife, meets Tao. The weird charms of the Flower of the Gods are invoked again. Laura found peace—and death. The son, James, using a sum of money left by Tao, becomes a successful attorney and eventually a prominent judge.

Then, after serving thirty years of his term, Lee is pardoned. His consuming hope is to obtain complete spiritual salvation by doing some great deed for mankind. And when he encounters the ship's doctor, McAndrews, en route to America, where he will work as gardener on his son's estate—a secret arrangement made between Judge Carson and the governor of the penal colony—Lee eagerly listens to an appalling story.

McAndrews, after revealing himself as a United States secret service agent, tells Lee of the deadly plot led by Tartaristan Prince Mehmet Ali indirectly to involve America in a war with the Far East. He also hands Lee a message to deliver to Roger Neale, agent number seventy-three. A few seconds later McAndrews falls overboard and is lost.

Arriving at San Francisco, Lee is met by his son and taken to the country estate where he will act as gardener. The following day, while the judge is attending a dinner in honor of two men directly involved in Mehmet Ali's plans—Duke Kulja, visiting ambassador from Tartaristan, and Canfield Grainger, American professor returning from a study of Far East conditions—Lee overhears Doris, the judge's daughter, and her fiancé talking. He hears the girl mention the name Roger Neale; but before he can give the agent McAndrews's message a telephone call advises Roger of another murder. "It's come again," announces Roger. "Quick, Doris, bring that old gardener in here. I think he holds the key to the whole mystery."

"Then how did you know my number?"

"McAndrews gave it to me."

"And a message, you said, didn't you? Where is that message?"

"I have it. I memorized it word for word. Are we safe here? May I repeat his message?"

"At low breath—into my ear. Now go ahead!"

And so the old man called Lee Breckinridge whispered into the ear of the young man called Roger Neale:

"We have all been mistaken in our belief as to the plans of Tartaristan. Also we have been mistaken about the schemes of Prince Mehmet Ali. Moreover, we have been tragically mistaken about our returning field agent, Professor Canfield Grainger. I am absolutely convinced that, in spite of the report he is going to make, nothing will happen to Professor Grainger. It is true that he has a strange and dangerous story to tell. When Grainger makes his report about conditions in the Far East that he thinks is pure dynamite, the heads of the army and navy and a number of outstanding financiers will be called in for urgent consultation. And more demagogues will go on talking about how America will not permit a bullying imperialistic Tartaristan to swallow half Asia, to close the open door in the Far East to legitimate American enterprise and commerce. Tartaristan does not want war—not its people, not its government, but only a madman called Mehmet Ali. If he were gone, the danger would be gone too. He is the one, the sole powerful foe to peace in Tartaristan. Here is the real plot. Mehmet Ali, the madman, the fanatic, is resolved at all costs to drag America into war with the Far East. So he must make



for you to do. Much more, dear Lee!"

With an exclamation, Roger Neale shook himself alive. "O. K., Lee Breckinridge," he said. "You learned your little piece and you spoke it pretty, too. Now forget it—it's my time to do some elocuting."

Whatever was to be done, it was plain that Roger Neale had made up his mind. He crossed over to the telephone. His first telephone call was to his office in San Francisco; to Tom O'Dwyer, his assistant.

He found him in. In breathless staccato words he related a part of what had occurred: phrasing it all cryptically, so that it was clear to his assistant but not to any one else who might be listening in.

"What do you know that bears on these facts?" Roger asked.

"Well, boss, I think McAndrews had the right dope. Y'see—I have what you might consider a kind of confirmation. Listen here."

And Roger's assistant explained in language equally cryptic.

It appeared that earlier in the day, knowing that both Grainger and Mehmet Ali were expected that night at Mrs. Knowlton's, he had gone to her house. There he had persuaded the butler to give him a list of the guests and a sketch of the seating arrangements.

"Battle plan," he said, "and to see who's friend and who's foe. And what d'you think? The first thing I find out is that the foreign gent himself ain't comin' to the party."

"You—what?" Roger was startled. "You mean it?"

"Sure. He telegraphed Mrs. Knowlton this noon—

shortly after the duke telegraphed. The duke ain't comin' neither."

"Are you absolutely sure of that?" demanded Roger.

"Abso-tively. Got it straight from the butler."

For a second or two Roger did not speak. Then he said:

"That settles it."

"Settles what?"

"Never mind." Roger paused; went on: "I've a job for you. Know where the duke is staying?"

"Of course."

"Here's what I want you to do." Roger's instructions were rapid and succinct. "Of course," he continued, "you'll need half a dozen good men—to keep in touch with you and me. Have a talk with the chief of police. Tell him it's a federal matter."

"Sure. Wait"—quickly, as Roger was about to hang up the receiver. "What's the big idea in your bean?"

"An ugly idea. Damned ugly."

"Tell me more."

"I can't. It's my own responsibility. Besides, I can't put the idea into words. It's still too vague."

But here he was not precisely truthful. The idea was not vague any more. Clearly defined it was by this time—and fraught with tragedy.

Tragedy!

The unspoken word echoed so queerly in Lee's brain.

He was still there. But the room was dark with trooping shadows; and Roger—who had put back the telephone receiver and, after a few moments, was lifting it again—did not notice the older man; could not sense his pulsing, coiling, clamorous thought:

"Tragedy! Yes! And I must bear my full, decent share of it—I know it. It must be this—what else could it be?—that Tao meant when he told me that my life—my work—had only just begun."

He stood there, motionless. He heard Roger say a few strange words to Central. After that a nervous wait. Then:

"Federal operator? I want Washington, D. C., Raymond 55997733—private wire—and make it snappy!"

ANOTHER wait; then: "That you, Major Robinson?"

And clearly across the room Lee could hear the crisp reply barking in the receiver:

"Neale?"

"Right." He paused. "I'm resigning from the service, sir."

"You're—what?"

"Bidding Uncle Sam a fond farewell."

"You're crazy, man! Good God—we need you desperately! Why, with Canfield Grainger in danger of—"

"No such danger."

"Eh?"

Roger explained.

"The man in danger," he continued, "is really the Duke of Kulja."

"What are you giving me? Who would want to harm him?"

"That's just it. A pacifist, isn't

he? Therefore, living evidence of Tartaristan's desire for peace. Now, if America should kill their dove of peace—"

"I get it. San Francisco would become the Sarajevo of the Pacific."

"I am afraid so, sir. Or, at least, it would come to that."

"Well, then"—excitedly—"protect Kulja. That's your job, Roger!"

"There's only one way of protecting him—for keeps. Only one way of cleaning up this whole Far Eastern mess. By striking at the root. Once the root is destroyed, the tree itself will wither and die."

"But you can't mean—"

"YES, I do! Listen!" Roger spoke hurriedly and to the point, while Lee came one step nearer to him. And, as along the wire buzzed hectic spluttering words, Roger added: "You don't have to tell me, sir. I'm familiar with the rules of the game. That's just why I am resigning. To show that I . . ." He stopped. "Wait. I've a better idea. I didn't resign. I was kicked out of the service ten days back—for any cause that seems plausible. Broadcast the news. That will prove conclusively that I'm on my own."

There was silence.

Then Major Robinson said:

"Right you are. We'll have nothing to do with it. Not a damned thing—officially. But"—and his voice trembled unashamedly—"God bless you, Roger—unofficially!"

The conversation was over. Roger turned away from the telephone.

He lit a cigarette. He saw, as the match spurted red, Lee Breckinridge standing there. He heard, with some irritation, the old man's question:

"You have decided?"

"No time to talk—excuse me, please."

Roger was for hurrying out of the room. But Lee Breckinridge stood between him and the door.

"Wait! You must talk to me!"

"I haven't time."

"You have decided to kill!"

"Don't say that. You don't know how much is at stake. Now, please—"

"A life is at stake."

"Damn it, one guilty life is at stake against millions of other lives—innocent lives—"

"That is always the justification of the political assassin."

"Rot! This is none of your business, old man. Only—keep quiet about this."

All patience gone, Roger Neale thrust Lee Breckinridge aside and pulled the door open violently. But he did not go through the door, for the way was still barred to him.

Doris was standing there.

Roger's first reaction—for he was so young—was boyish.

"You had no right to listen!" he exclaimed—"to eavesdrop!"

"Maybe, Roger. But I'm glad I did."

She paused. Neither she nor Roger paid any attention to Lee Breckinridge, who stood there for a second

FATAL FUMES FOILED



MADAME, if your husband's surly pipe reminds you of burning rubber, won't you please remind him to get a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco? Yes, it's that milder blend of Kentucky Burleys you've admired in other men's pipes. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool on the tongue, fragrant on the nose. It's so much milder to smoke and better to smell that you'll both be happier when he tries it. Buy him a tin this very day!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-511



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

or two watching them—who presently noiselessly left the library and stepped out on the terrace.

The girl put both her hands on Roger's shoulders.

"I won't let you," she went on. "I can't let you do this mad thing!"

Roger bowed his head. He thought:

"I must not give in the fraction of an inch—or I am lost."

He replied in a hard voice:

"There's no 'letting' about it, Doris. I shall do what I have to do."

"And what about me?" she demanded.

He smiled grimly at her childishness. She could not realize it all now. But she would later. It was over—he reflected—because of his duty, his job. A job that had demanded all he had to give, all his courage, all his energy and cleverness; and which tonight—he pondered without the slightest bathos or self-pity—was demanding his willingness to die.

For death it would be, after he had taken Mehmet Ali's life.

A murderer's sordid death—on the gallows. And Doris could not grasp all that.

And so he answered her:

"Please let's not discuss it any more."

His answer was tragic in its curt phrasing, its utter honesty; and Doris gave a little shudder.

She turned away from him.

Then a foolish idea came to her.

There was one way out—one way out.

And she told him:

"Listen, Roger! Know what I'm going to do? I shall telephone to Mehmet Ali. I shall warn him that—"

"If you do that," he interrupted, speaking very quietly, "I'll hate you as long as I live."

They looked at each other.

Silence—for long, dragging seconds.

He went to the door. He said:

"Good-by, Doris."

She ran after him; threw her arms about him; clung to him with all her strength. He kissed her. Then, rather brutally, he freed himself and walked from the room.

She heard the click of his heels down the stone-flagged corridor. Heard him enter the garage and start the car. Heard the roar of the engine as he took the road to San Francisco. Heard, more loudly, drowning all other sounds, the thudding, pulsing rhythm of her own mind:

"I have lost him! I have lost him! I have lost him! I have lost him!"

She said to herself:

"There is no hope. There is no faith. There is no mercy. There is—God forgive me!—no God."

She stared from the window; stared at the garden, white in the moon's white rays. Her soul was as her brain: empty and dry. She said to herself:

"There is nothing. Nothing at all. I shall go on living. I shall go on eating, drinking, sleeping, playing tennis and golf, talking to people. Oh, yes. But it will not matter. For I know that there is nothing. Nothing at all."

And again she said to herself:

"I wish I could cry. I wish I could sob and scream. But I can't. Because there is—nothing."

She stood there. She did not move.

And then, obeying a sudden impulse, she left the room, the house. She turned toward the garden. It seemed to draw her on—the garden and, at its farther end, a little pinewood; a clearing in a pinewood, with the trees about it like sentinels, carpeted with fine turf and painted with a profusion of primroses and windflowers.

There, in the days gone by, when she had been a small girl with small sorrows hurting her heart, she had gone in quest of healing peace and solitude.

For nobody knew this spot. It was her own secret and precious belonging.

There she turned her steps tonight—with her big, crushing sorrow.

Rapidly, almost breaking into a run, she crossed the park, although—here was a curious imagining—it seemed to her not to be she herself who was approaching the clearing in the pinewood, but the latter seemed to be approaching her; seemed to be moving, coming nearer and ever nearer, with a meaning, a purpose.

She came within sight of the pinewood and she gave a start.

For she heard a soft mumbling of voices. She heard, immediately afterward, a metallic sound, as of a spade striking a stone. She reached the clearing. She saw—sharp in the moonlight—two men.

One she knew. Lee Breckinridge, the old gardener.

The other man, too, was old. Very old. Agelessly old—the thought came to Doris. A strange

figure, dressed in a loose claret-red robe, a huge tam-o'-shanter shadowing his wrinkled ivory-white features, a wooden Buddhist prayer wheel stuck in his broad belt.

They seemed to be working side by side, bending over a little patch of garden.

They saw her.

"I knew you'd find us," said Lee.

The other man pointed at an oak stump.

"Sit down there, child," he invited. "We'll be through very shortly."

She obeyed. It was now the hour of twilight. Doris tried to manage a smile.

She felt, immediately, peace enveloping her.

Never until her dying day was she able to reconstruct precisely the details of all that occurred during the next few seconds—or were they minutes or hours or days or

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Animal crackers have burst into print for fashion headliners. The jungle, forest, and barnyard furnish novel fabric patterns. Red lions ramping all over a Schiaparelli green-crepe afternoon dress recall the famous red lion of Louis XI that he liked "because he neither overate nor roared."

Gallic roosters crow over Shantung neckerchiefs and jersey frocks, and lifelike stag antlers or fox heads printed on gay cashmere sports blouses—Chez Creed—bring Diana the Huntress up to date.

Tiny salamanders darting over satin grounds are almost too realistic for nervous temperaments after dark.

DORAMILLER.



eternities?—nor to recall their exact sequence with certainty. She only knew that she saw Lee working with a small spade in that patch of garden; that she saw him step back and that that action made it possible for her to see a new flower that was growing there—a flower, wondrous sweet, that she had never seen before. It had not been there yesterday. All in a few hours, then, the bulb had begun to sprout; the stalk appeared, thin and bare, but shooting up with fantastic speed, bringing forth a dense cloud of amber and peacock-green leaves, and, a moment later, bearing a tiny bud.

She watched the one tiny bud grow with amazing swiftness. It ripened. It opened wide; and she saw a flower, medium-sized, lilac-colored, shaped like a lily.

Its odor came to her nostrils: elusive at first, no more than a whiff, although curiously sweet; becoming stronger second after second; finally wafting a full, rich, poignant fragrance. And she knew—knew with a deep gladness and singing in her heart—that from the flower a message was reaching out to her. A message fashioned in beauty and power and faith and love. What could the message be? About Roger, who was giving his life for people he would never know—giving his love—their love. . . .

Then she must have fallen asleep. For there were her dreams—merciful dreams blotting out an unendurable present.

And while Doris dreamed, Tao and Lee Breckinridge trudged side by side back and forth through the garden. Evening had fully come. They walked, as men heartfelt with great secrets and not yet ready to disclose them.

They smelled the odors of blossoms and moist earth. They saw overhead the stars beginning to appear one by one. They heard a stray vagabond breeze that stirred the branches of the trees.

PEACE all about them. Peace, Lee thought, was the Lord's message to the world; the Lord's command to man. Peace—and life. Not strife—and death.

He said aloud:

"It is wrong to kill."

"Always?"

"Always."

Tao closed his eyes and muttered; then:

"Are you sure?"

"But how can it be otherwise? God created. He gave life. How can man take it?"

"And would you not tear out a noxious weed, lest it spread and cover and choke the whole garden? Would you not lop off a gangrened limb to keep the poison from affecting your whole body? Ah"—Tao's voice rose—"would you hesitate to kill, and by that hesitation condemn thousands and hundreds of thousands to death?"

He paused; shook his head sadly,

**"WE CAN'T WORK TOMORROW
UNLESS YOU SELL FIFTEEN
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THAT message came from the mine one morning to a Baltimore fuel company —by Long Distance telephone. Before noon, all

fifteen carloads had been disposed of —by local and Long Distance telephone. • The total cost of the calls involved was less than \$10—but \$3000 worth of coal was moved and 200 men kept at work next day. • Long Distance telephone service is as useful in the day-in, day-out conduct of a business as it is in emergencies. It turns inquiries into sales, speeds traffic and production, reaches busy men miles away for personal discussion and quick decision. Try it. Many firms find it brings back dollars for every penny invested.



Questions

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QUESTION: Will this big Arvin heater be in the way in my car?

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QUESTION: Can I control the degree of heat?

ANSWER: Certainly . . . the new Arvin illuminated, variable-speed switch regulates the volume of heat in the car, as desired.

QUESTION: How long will the Arvin last?

ANSWER: Longer than your car! All copper and brass radiator cores, larger in size, insure greater heating capacity and long life for your Arvin.

QUESTION: Can I direct the heat where it is wanted, easily?

ANSWER: Yes, indeed! The famous Arvin full-turn deflector front takes care of that.

QUESTION: How will the Arvin heater look in my car?

ANSWER: Beautiful! Arvin's smarter styling, individuality of design and black morocco finish with silver-bright chromium plate make a striking combination.

Arvin offers you the newest car heater improvements—plus the two most efficient heating principles . . . hot water and steam . . . at prices that give you size, quality and unusual capacity inexpensively. You can get a fine Arvin for as little as \$12.95 . . . Arvins are sold and quickly installed by garages, car dealers and service stations everywhere.



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ARVIN

HOT WATER AND STEAM

Car Heaters

YOUR BEST BUY FOR COMFORT

so that the tassel of his tam-o'-shanter wriggled in the breeze; went on:

"There is this man—this Mehmet Ali. If he has his will, the world will be plunged in blood. The Jagannath set in motion by one man's pride and passion! One man! Mehmet Ali!"

Again he paused; shook his head and went on:

"That is what Roger Neale knows—and he is young, with all life before him, while you, my brother"—smiling very gently—"are old. Your life—your earth life—is almost over. Besides"—his smile deepened—"there is Doris, whom Roger loves, who loves Roger—Doris, who now sleeps and dreams. And did you not feel yourself that you must take her fate in your two hands?"

"But—by killing—stain these hands and stain my soul?" Lee sighed. "It is a sin—to kill."

"At times," sternly, "is it not perhaps a greater sin *not* to kill? I ask the question. Only you can answer it. I cannot and must not answer it. Tell me"—still more sternly—"are you afraid?"

"I am," said Lee.

"You must not be. For there was once a wise man—perhaps he was one of the lesser gods—who said that self-sacrifice is a sweet incense in the nostrils of the Creator; that, to find life, you must lose it; that the petty scruples of personal, individual life must be merged freely and fearlessly in the larger cosmic life if you wish to attain happiness."

"Yes," whispered Lee. "I know! The cosmic life. Who wants that? The eternal and selfless life. Who cares for that? There—and there only—lies release. But it is not that. It is really just dying and being dead—and some of us have never even lived—not enough, anyway. There only lies escape from the endless pain of futile physical ambition and desire. There only lies salvation."

"And would you not pay for the promise of such a death," demanded the Tibetan, "with life itself? Is there a cheaper price?"

LEE was silent. He thought:

"I shall find life—in death."

"Life eternal," replied Tao to the unspoken words, "in death that is but temporary. For death—for those who are on the path of salvation—does not exist. For such death is a fallacy, an error, a lie invented by man, an insult hurled at the Deity."

They walked on.

Night lay thick about them, with a quietude like the shimmering quietude of the sun at high noon. The trees and bushes and flowers ran together like a single solid clump of darkness. The peaks of the Sierras faded grayly out of sight. The air became less mild; grew sharp and keen and chilly on the wave of the wind the moon drove before it round the world.

And Tao said:

"I know what you are thinking, my brother."

Lee made no answer.

His thoughts—how could he explain them with mere words? There would have to be deeds, facts. And even deeds and facts would not count in the final reckoning—the reckoning on the day of judgment. For he knew that the real fulfillment of life must take place within the soul of which external life was no more than a dream, an image, a loomed and figured tapestry. Yes—he reflected—nothing was true but the events that occurred in a man's soul. Their outward expressions and gestures—interpreted through the shifting, impermanent shapes of matter—were the least real things in a man's existence, the least important, the most footling and contemptible.

AND yet he knew these outward expressions and gestures were necessary for completion. These deeds—even stark crimson deeds like the one waiting for him in San Francisco—had to be done.

And he turned to Tao. He said:

"There is a deed which some-one must do tonight."

"Yes."

"Which Roger Neale should not be asked to do—or allowed to do."

"Yes, dear Lee."

"But which all the mothers and fathers of men cry out to have done—"

"And quickly. Yes, dear Lee."

"Then tell me. You have the power to do miracles. Why did I have to suffer, lose my loved ones, just to do this thing and die for doing it? Tell me that, Tao?"

Tao's smile was like the smile of a mysterious child, younger than Adam's first sigh and older than God's footstool.

"Dear Lee, remember your own Scriptures. All the mysteries are there. I cannot tell you in advance the truth of what you are doing. But only a living mortal can act to help his kind. For that act you have been prepared. But before you kill Mehmet Ali you will know the truth."

Lee nodded, full of humble faith.

"Let it be so."

"Are you ready for your journey?"

"I am."

"No longer afraid?"

"How can I be—with you by my side to help and wish me God's grace? I am going to kill a man now, but I have atoned for it already by forty years of punishment for a murder I did not commit."

The very next moment it was to Lee Breckinridge as it had been years ago in Tibet, in the Monastery of the Buddha's Ear, when Tao's will had transported him hundreds of miles away to Calcutta; was to him as if, with incredible swiftness, something like a huge ebony shutter was dropping across his mind. And even as it dropped he became aware, with his last conscious reaction, of an amazing phenomenon.

He watched this phenomenon.

He watched it from the outside—although he himself was part of it,

was indeed its center and core. Watched his own soul rise from his body's negligible teguments and wing away into the distance. Watched it whirling and tossing and tumbling through silver space.

And space fled. Space disappeared, suffused in light and color, scattered in radiance. Space was no more. Time was no more. Time had returned to the gigantic scale of the morning dawn of creation—long, long ago, when a month might be the fleeting fraction of a second, or a billion years be born and die as a single day.

Still his soul winged away on its fantastic journey.

And he heard, far below him, the Pacific rolling into the west.

He heard the Sierras superbly thundering.

He heard hosts of lesser summits, hosts of small towns and villages and homesteads and lonely ranches, singing in the night and whispering to the stars.

He heard, finally, a large town shimmering and stammering its noisy black-and-gold symphony. San Francisco again!

People down there by the hundreds of thousands—with youth still in their hearts, yet old with cunning and avarice, slaving away in darkened traplike cages because of their bodies' appetite and to pile coin on coin. Greed-contorted faces round gambling tables and in counting-houses. Pandemonium of produce and stock exchange. Railway accidents; strikes; explosions; men choked, burned alive, torn to pieces—and all for the lust of the flesh and the passion of possessions.

All for pride. Pride of men and pride of cities. Pride of great nations saying to each other:

"I shall make war upon you. I shall trample your crops. I shall slaughter your sons. I shall ravish your women. I shall burn your temples. For—behold!—I am stronger than you."

The demon of pride roaring his chant of hate and terror and desolation. A demon of many forms, many incarnations.

YESTERDAY an Attila, a Genghis Khan, a Tamerlane, a Borgia, a Napoleon, a Bismarck, a Lenin.

A demon who was ever the Antichrist. Whose name today was Mehmet Ali.

Mehmet Ali! This was his room. Lee did not know how he knew that. But he did know it.

He knew that he stood in the corridor on the seventeenth floor of the St. Francis Hotel. His left hand was on the doorknob, his right hand held a knife.

The moment prepared for all these years was now at hand.

"And before you kill Mehmet Ali the whole truth will be shown to you."

Lee Breckinridge opened the door.

But remember that Roger Neale has set out on the same mission of death. Remember, too, Tao's mysterious words of the revelation awaiting Lee before Mehmet Ali's death. Then guess at what happens before you read the concluding chapter in this thrilling and colorful serial in next week's Liberty.

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★★★★ **I'D LIVE IT AGAIN** by Lieutenant Colonel E. J. O'Meara. J. B. Lippincott Company.

In the opinion of this reporter no praise is too high for this autobiography. It gives a new and zestful picture of India; and easily ranks with—perhaps surpasses—that famous best seller *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*.

★★★ **THE NEW IMPERATIVE** by Walter Lippmann. The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Lippmann discusses the need for readjustment in the distribution of wealth if civilization is to continue.

★★ **ALL IS NOT GOLD** by Rosamond du Jardin. J. B. Lippincott Company. Another Cinderella love story. Sweet little Eve is kind to the noble gas-station attendant spurned by haughty sister Camilla. And when Eve has the man and the money, maybe Camilla isn't sorry!

★★ **AN ANALYSIS OF MAN AND HIS PHILOSOPHY** by S. T. Schleier. Audrey Publishing Company.

A clearly written attempt to solve the riddle of the purpose of life, reaching an obvious and not convincing conclusion.

★★ **BROTHERS THREE** by John M. Oskison. The Macmillan Company. The story of a family from the pioneer father who builds a farm out of the wilderness to his three sons who permit it to disintegrate and decay.

★ **MOUNTAIN JUSTICE** by Charles Neville Buck. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Old mountaineers of the Cumberlands cease "feuding" because of the more peaceful ideals of the young generation. Good character drawing.



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FINE OLD APPLE BRANDY

Vox Pop

CHINESE WRITERS ARE CHEAP

TIENTSIN, CHINA—I am sending you a copy of the Advertiser, a monthly magazine published by us in this city with a circulation of only a thousand, five hundred of which are free subscriptions. The ads help pay for the production.

We hope that you will not mind our printing articles from your magazine from time to time. Every effort has been made to put "Liberty" at the end of every article extracted.

Of course Chinese stories have a direct appeal with your people and I think it will be worth your while to have some stories about the Chinese in your magazine. Just let me know what kind of stories you are most interested in and I will fix up everything for you. Chinese writers are cheap—ten to fifty dollars will be sufficient for good short or long stories.—*Thomas Liang, Editor.*

FROM ADAM TO SOLOMON

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—This schematic diagram, representing the generations of the animal kingdom throughout history, should answer Horatio's question concerning ancestry (September 21



Vox Pop). The men above the line represent generations from the time of Adam to the time of Solomon. The monkeys below the line represent Mr. Horatio's ancestors from the present back to the time of Solomon, when, for the sake of diagrammatic representation, Mr. Horatio's ancestry included all the monkeys then in existence. It is assumed that none of his ancestors married relatives up to this point.

While a similar diagram could be applied to Haile Selassie's ancestry, it must be remembered that Haile Selassie comes from an intelligent species and that his ancestry would therefore differ from Mr. Horatio's in that it would fall in the classification of *Homo sapiens*.

Does that answer your question, Mr. Horatio?—*General Jitterbritches.*

TEXAS CORRECTS US

DALLAS, TEX.—I am a constant reader of Liberty, and as such enjoy the Twenty Questions appearing therein each week. In the September 14 issue appears the following question:

"What governor of a state in the United States of America resigned and became president of an independent republic?"

Your answer is: "Sam Houston was Governor of Tennessee, from which office he resigned. He later became the first and only President of the Republic of Texas."

Now, in order to teach you a little but very important bit of Texas history, I beg to advise you that Texas became a republic in 1836 and ceased to be a republic in 1845.

In the interval presidents of the republic were:

David G. Burnet, *ad interim*; Sam Houston; Mirabeau B. Lamar; Sam Houston (second term); Anson Jones.

Having been a resident of Texas for more than fifty years, I feel it is my duty to inform those who I know will take it in the same kindly spirit in which it is given.—*George R. Hallman, Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas.*

[A host of Texans caught this error. Among them were: T. C. Andrews, O. R. Porterfield, of Austin; Willodine Gislser, of Austwell; F. H. Hitchcock, of Caldwell; R. B. Molloy, of Corsicana; T. P. Blankenship, Dale Miller, J. Oliver, Boyd Sherbet, of Dallas; Sam E. Miller, Charles De Shazo, of Houston; W. C. Blake, of Jasper; T. J. Ponton, of Seguin; George E. Powell, M.D., of Terrell; Bill Jablonowski, George C. Powell, Rebecca West, of Waco.

Outside of Texas we heard from: Milton T. Wareham, Mobile, Ala.; E. P. Ingram, Little Rock, Ark.; W. J. Hill, Berkeley, Calif.; J. Ralph Jones, Columbus, Ga.; D. T. Jefferson, Kansas City, Mo.; F. F. Bright, Oakland, Calif.; Albert H. Harrison, Capitan, N. M.; William J. Millard, Chief Justice Supreme Court of the State of Washington.—*Vox Pop Editor.*]

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED

DANVILLE, ILL.—In September 21 Vox Pop I note that Mrs. E. V. Yolton quotes from Maude Williamson's story Searchlight, "She picked up her voice and set it on its feet," and Mrs. Yolton asks how this can be done.

It is very simple.

One merely lifts one's voice by the vocal cords.—*Fred B. Mann.*

SAVAGES NEVER ADMIT IT

FORT SCOTT, KAN.—Some of the so-called savages of Africa never admit having more than one child at a birth. Their theory is that it puts them on a level with the so-called lower animals to have more than one baby at a time. As some really honest person wrote: "Most of us are here as the result of a brief sexual impulse which desired the issue of offspring least of all."

Why do presumably intelligent human beings persist in idealizing birth in a fantastic way?—*Maude Tester.*

HELLISH CREATURE

LA CROSSE, WIS.—
I'd strike at that little pink elephant
that gleefully trailed me around,
And with fiendish joy I'd stamp on the
heads of snakes all over the ground;



And a purple hare with a head like a
goat stalked me for days and days.
So I figured it out, it must be the booze;
I'd quit it and mend my ways.

But, to my increasing horror, my sacrifice was all in vain.

A hellish creature was haunting my
dreams, causing me anguish and
pain.

But I got to the seat of my trouble at
last! I'll tell it to you. You see—
It wasn't the booze that was causing it
—it was that hellish Liberty.

—*Relieved.*

DEGREE OF CABBAGE ENGINEER

BRADFORD, PA.—Having read R. A. Vanderlyl's request in September 7 Vox Pop for suggestions on how to become a cabbage engineer, let me tell him:

First, fit one of those cabbages you raised in your back-yard garden on top of your own head.

Then print a sign to read as follows: R. A. Vanderlyl, the celebrated cabbage engineer, grows two cabbages on one stalk.

Place sign on top of head, stand out in front of your office, and your success will be shouted from the housetops.—*S. W. Weiser.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—I would suggest that Mr. Vanderlyl start growing a cabbage that could give birth to a corned beef roll, so that when the cabbage matured, all we would have to do would be cut the cabbage, throw it into the pot, boil two hours, and the corned beef and cabbage would be ready to serve and eat.

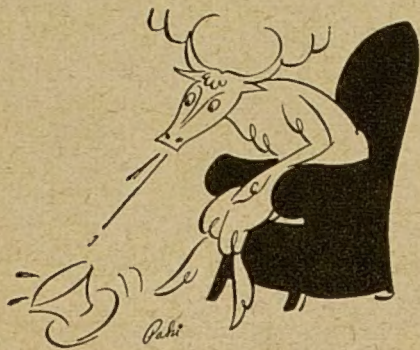
Then we would be ready to call him Cabbage Engineer.—*W. J. Wall.*

LAW TO ENFORCE LAW

GALESBURG, ILL.—There ought to be a law to enforce the law, and do something other than talk of what the New Dealers are doing, and deport them all to Russia—thus creating jobs for honest-to-God Americans.—*Ardent Reader.*

TOBACCO-CHEWING DEER

ATLANTA, GA.—In September 14 Vox Pop John C. Kay of Texas offers \$4,000 for a cud-chewing donkey. According



to a local newspaper here, Governor Eugene Talmadge owns a tobacco-chewing deer.

If Mr. Kay wants a real attraction for the Texas Centennial he should arrange to get this animal.—*J. W. P.*

YOU ARE RIGHT, SIR

NORFOLK, VA.—Not reading Vox Pop weekly would be like forgetting to brush my teeth each and every morning; and yet a friend of mine argued the fact that she could not see any sense to such foolishness and wondered why people waste their time writing such stuff.

After asking this wise lady if she really understood the meaning of the phrase Vox Pop, her reply was negative and in turn she asked if I knew. I explained to her that I thought it meant Voice of the People. Kindly advise if I was anywhere near right. As a matter of fact I dare say that seventy-five per cent of the readers do not know the correct definition of Vox Pop.—*Bobbie L.*

A COMFORT

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—On Friday, August 30, my brother John was instantly killed near Etiwanda, California, when a 500-pound insulator fell on him. He was working on the power and light transmission line from Boulder Dam to Los Angeles.

Shortly after receiving this word, I happened to pick up my September 7 Liberty, and my eyes seemed directed to the following words in Beatrice Grimshaw's story, By Order of Queen Jane:

"He wouldn't grow old and useless, sit gray and naked some day in a corner of the palace, grumbling and chewing betel nut and wishing he could die. John had skipped all that; gone to the end gloriously in one moment, as

if the fiery chariot of the Bible had suddenly swept down from heaven to earth to take him away."

This proved such a comfort to us all that we had the minister read it aloud at the funeral services.—*Ellen May Martin.*

"IS DISASTER HEADED FOR THE SOUTH?"

DUMBARTON, VA.—Is Disaster Headed for the South? (September 21 Liberty editorial.) My answer (not guess) is that it is as sure as the sun rises if the President and the Congress don't change their political money-spending experimental-government program.

The answer is the same for the whole nation and not just the South in particular, Mr. Macfadden.—*George T. Broski.*

SAVANNAH, GA.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial should have been headed Disaster Has Hit the South.

The AAA, in coming into the cotton business as they did, lending the farmer money on his cotton, telling him how much he could plant, automatically pegged the price of cotton and never once gave the exporter a thought. The exporter not only had foreign countries for competitors. At home was a competitor larger than all of them together—the AAA.

Why should the farmer sell his cotton to an exporter when the government would guarantee him twelve cents for it and if the market went over that price he would benefit by any rise? You surely cannot blame him. It was impossible for the exporters to do anything but sit back and wait—the competition our government was giving them was too great. Few could wait long. They closed their doors one after another.

Disaster is not headed for the South, Mr. Macfadden—it has HIT.—*A Reader.*



"Grace didn't show up today. She got the gong on the amateur hour last night."

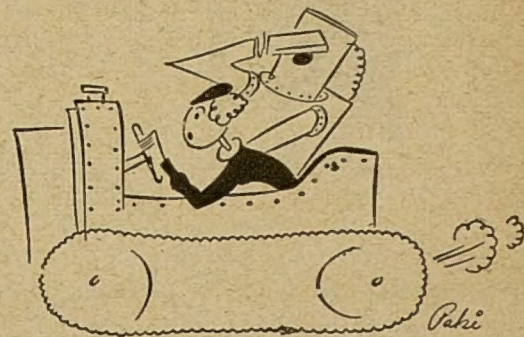
CURVE THE BALL AROUND HIM

HARRISBURG, PA.—If that guy in the blue suit on the September 7 Liberty cover is supposed to be the umpire, he certainly is making things hard for the fielders. But then, maybe all the infielders are pitchers and can curve the ball around him. At that, I think he has his protector on his back.

He should be on the bleachers with me. Then he could see the play better and call the runner safe already instead of guessing.—*D. C. Hawley.*

ROBOT FOR LADY DRIVERS

CHICAGO, ILL.—Of the many things that I would like to forecast, there is but one that is going to be a valuable and outstanding aid to humanity. This is a robot instructor that is to be used in an attempt to teach women how to drive a car.



It will resemble a strait jacket and will be mounted in something slow like an old army tank. The most sensible place for these instruction courses will be in the center of the Sahara Desert.—*Swede Hansen.*

ARE STAMP COLLECTORS NUTTY?

MARTHASVILLE, MO.—I have just had a discussion with a boy friend about stamp collecting and would like to see what Liberty readers think about this subject. Are stamp collectors nutty to spend good money on little colored scraps of paper, or does stamp collecting broaden the mind, etc.?—*A Stamp Collector.*

WHEN COVER IS OFF

MORGANFIELD, KY.—One idea for making Liberty more convenient and likable is very simple: head the pages with the date line.

As a former newspaperwoman, I read, clip, and adjust, both for individuals and for occasional articles.

In gathering from Liberty, I find if the cover is off there is no way to tell the date of the issue.

When a publication sets such exceeding price on time as Liberty does—even seconds reckoned—it seems inconsistent that one must search (losing both time and patience) for the date. I hope this suggestion may be of value to you.—*Louie Ray.*

IT HAPPENED IN...

FORT WILLIAM, ONT.—The strains of God Save the King were too much for a wolf that menaced George Dubetz, section foreman. Dubetz, unarmed, steeled himself for the wolf's attack by whistling the national anthem. The wolf fled.



SEATTLE, WASH.—Steamships may also be guilty of bad manners. A Puget Sound man is asking \$8,000 damages in a suit filed here, because a steamer near Wantega Beach "disturbed, molested, evicted, and otherwise annoyed" his clams.



KANSAS CITY, MO.—Federal men hunting for a missing car and its owner's wife found the car but not the wife. Notified, the owner said: "Don't bother to look for my wife. All I wanted back was the car."



NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Breathes there a farmer with soul
so dead

Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my mortgaged
land!

—Farm Credit Administration.

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COVER BY MACFADDEN STUDIO—GEORGE LARKIN

NEXT WEEK!

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH
MAJOR BOWES AND HIS AMATEURS
By CLARA BERANGER

HAILE SELASSIE GIVES LIBERTY
A MESSAGE FOR YOU!

ALSO

DARK ENCHANTRESS by William du Bois, THE WOMAN OF
LITTLE BUFFALO by William Corcoran, TINSEL LADY by Chan-
ning Pollock, LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT, \$1,000 JUMBLED GEOG-
RAPHY CONTEST, MOVIE REVIEWS, FEATURES, EDITORIAL

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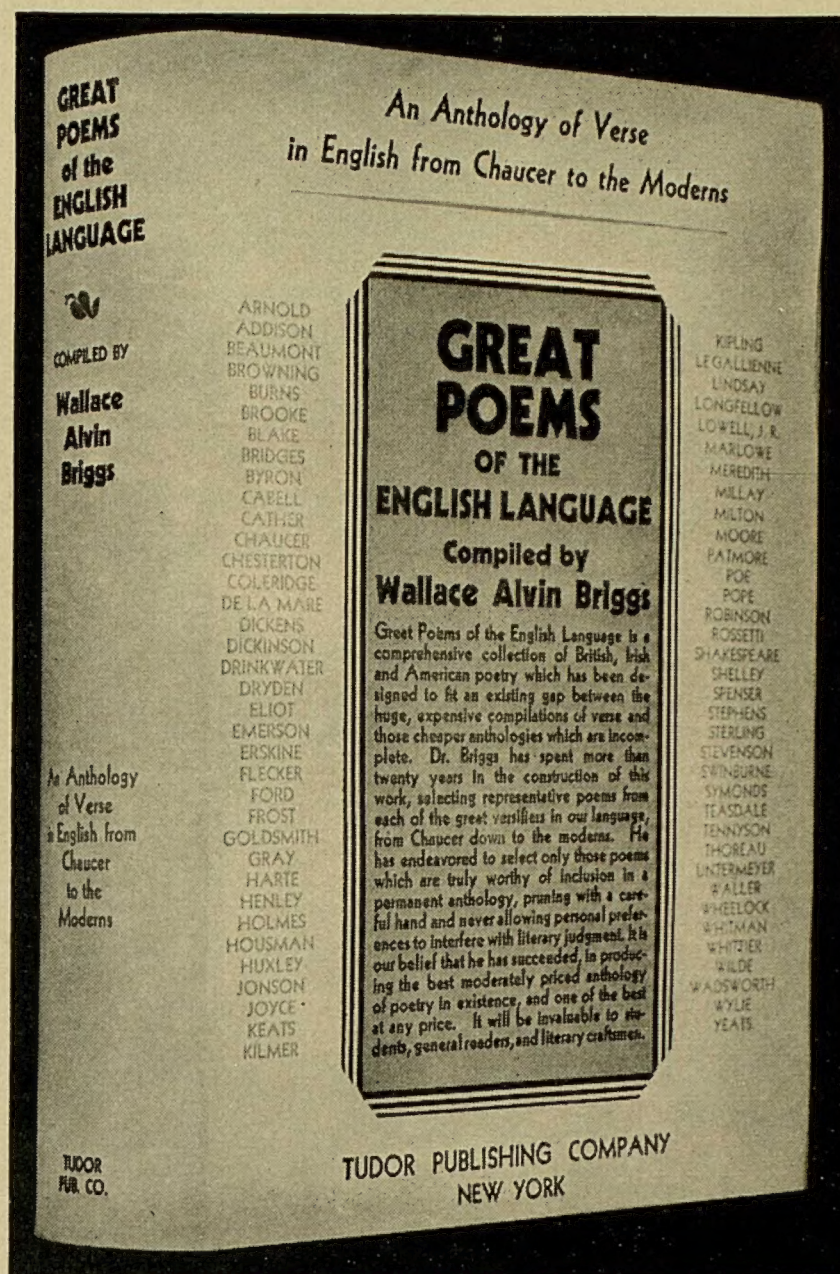
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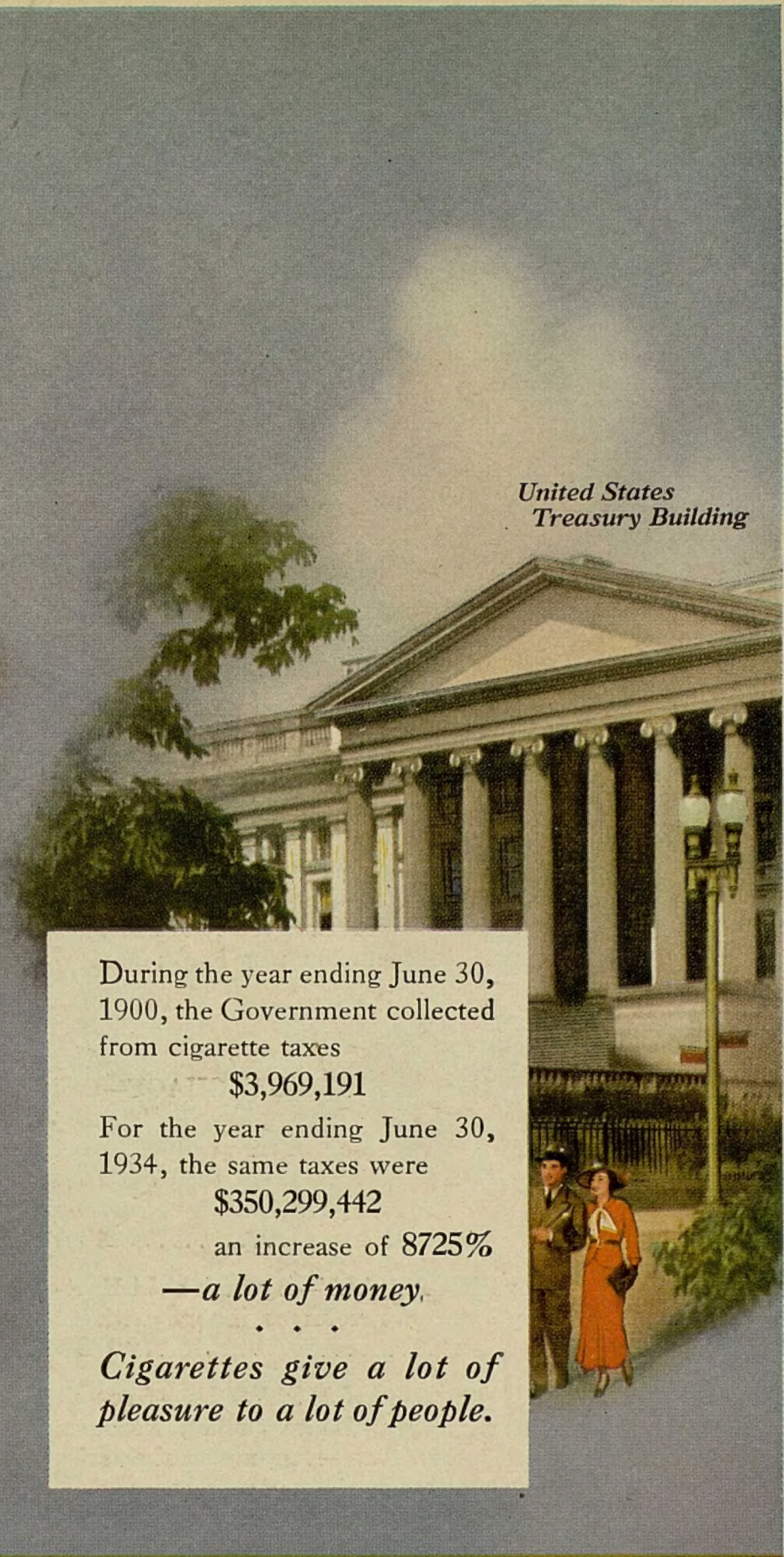
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